BETTER LATE THAN NEVER

A

COMEDY.

[PRICE ONE SHILLING AND SIX-PENCE.]

17472.3 3/6

BETTER LATE THAN NEVER

A COMEDY.

IN

FIVE ACTS.

AS PERFORMED AT THE

THEATRE-ROYAL

DRURY-LANE.

[1st ed.]

BY

MILES PETER ANDREWS, Esq.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR J. RIDGWAY, NO. 1, YORK-STREET, ST. JAMES'S-SQUARE.

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TO HER GRACE

The DUCHESS of LEEDS.

MADAM,

THE Friendſhip which the Duke of Leeds has honoured me with for ſeveral years, in ſome Meaſure authorizes the Liberty I take of inſcribing this Comedy to your Grace;—whilſt the Favor he has ſo recently conferred upon me, by condeſcending to write a Prologue for my Play, makes me anxious to ſeize an early Opportunity of acknowledging to you, and to the World, how much I feel myſelf flatter'd by this Mark of his Regard.

The partial Encomiums, which your Grace beſtowed upon my Comedy, when read laſt Winter amidſt a private Circle of your Friends, led me to hope with ſome Degree of Confidence for that Succeſs, which from the Indulgence of the Public, I have now experienced:—Sincerely wiſhing both you

you and the Duke every domeſtic Enjoyment, and every permanent Happpineſs, which your amiable Qualities ſo truly deſerve, but which Rank and Fortune do not always enſure,

I have the Honor to be

Madam,

Your Grace's moſt Obedient

And moſt devoted Servant,

MILES PETER ANDREWS.

ADVERTISEMENT.

TO the ſkilful Arrangement, and liberal Attention of Mr. Kemble, the Manager; the wonderful Exertions of Mrs. Jordan; and the united Abilities of all the Performers, the Author is chiefly indebted for the Succeſs of this Comedy.

PROLOGUE,

WRITTEN BY HIS GRACE THE DUKE OF LEEDS.

Spoken by Mr. BANNISTER, Jun.

CUSTOM commands a Prologue to each Play;
But cuſtom hath not told us what to ſay:
No form preſcrib'd, 'tis difficult to find,
How to conciliate the Public mind.
The baſhful Bard—the modeſt Muſe's fears,
So long have jingled in your patient Ears,
That now, perhaps, you'll ſcarce vouchſafe to ſtay,
To hear both their Apology—and Play.
No! Better ſure on him at once to call,
With—Sir, if frighten'd thus, why write at all?
We're not reduc'd yet to a trembling Pen;
Zounds, Bards, will croud us ſoon, like—Gentlemen.
Something like this, I heard a Friend once ſay,
Who wiſh'd (poor ſoul) to hear a new launch'd Play:
Box'd ſnug at firſt, completely to his mind,
With only one grave Auditor behind:
E'er the third Act had ſtruggled to its end,
In reel'd three Critics, each the Author's Friend—
On Praiſe determin'd—Wit confirm'd by Wine;
Each And! and If! was chaſte—correct—damn'd fine.
To Taſte ſo mark'd, my Friend, of courſe, gave way;
But ſqueez'd, thump'd, kick'd—ſtill liſten'd to the Play;
Till by repeated Plaudits grown ſo Sore,
Nor Fleſh nor Blood cou'd bear one Comment more.
Such boiſt'rous Friends they ſurely cannot need,
Who wiſh by Merit only to ſucceed.
To-night we offer to the Public view,
A Character, you'll own, perhaps, is new,
From Doctor's Commons we the Model draw:
A Promiſing Eleve of Civil Law;

And

PROLOGUE.

And Civil ſure that Lawwhich can provide,
Or (ſhou'd need be) releaſe you from a Bride.
Thrice bleſs'd the Manſion, where, in ſpite of ills
Alive or *dead*, you ſtill can have your Wills.
Much cou'd I offer in our Author's cauſe;
Nay, prove his firſt great object—your applauſe;
But, leaſt dull Friendſhip ſhou'd his Genius wrong,
I'll ſtop—before the Prologue grows too long,
And *Better late than never* hold my Tongue.

DRAMATIS

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Saville - - - - - -	Mr. KEMBLE.
Flurry - - - - - -	Mr. DODD.
Sir Charles Chouſe - -	Mr. PALMER.
Grump - - - - - -	Mr. BADDELEY.
Litigamus - - - -	Mr. BANNISTER, junr.
Pallet - - - - - - -	Mr. R. PALMER.
Lawyer's Clerk - - -	Mr. MADDOX.
Servant to Saville - -	Mr. LYONS.
Servant to Flurry - -	Mr. WEBBE.

Auguſta - - - - - -	Mrs. JORDAN.
Mrs. Flurry - - -	Mrs. GOODALL.
Diary - - - - - -	Miſs POPE.

ERRATA.

Page 19, 4th line from the Bottom, put a — after the word *offence*—and dele — after the word *firs*.

P. 20. l. 31, put a — after the word *mine*—.

P. 26, 6th line from the bottom, for *fitting*, read *filling*.

P. 32. 6th line from the bottom, for *occular* read *ocular*.

BETTER LATE THAN NEVER.

A

COMEDY.

ACT I.

SCENE I.

A Breakfaſting-Room in Saville's Houſe.

Saville *and* Servant *diſcovered.* *(A knocking without.)*

Saville.

SEE who's there, I'm not at home. [*Exit* Servant.] How ſtrange, that, though I am ſenſible of my Error, I have not power to correct it—tho' I feel my Ruin, I have not Spirit to avoid it—wou'd I cou'd recal—but 'tis impoſſible——Laſt night, compleated the loſs of all my ready money, and if I cannot inſtantly raiſe more on my Eſtate——

Diary (without.) Not at home—don't tell me—I will ſee him; whether he be at home or no.

Servant (without.) I tell you my Maſter's not at home, coming here with your ſtrange jumble of names which never met before.

Saville. This can be nobody but Diary—Auguſta's Woman.

Enter Diary *and* Servant.

Diary. Not at home, indeed; Why, do you think

I that have read Milton, and Roderic Random, and other hiſtorians, am to be deceiv'd by an ignorant——

[*Exit.* Servant.

Saville. Patience, good Diary---I am very happy to ſee you.

Diary. Sir, I have brought you a letter, Sir.

Saville. From Auguſta?

Diary. No, Sir, from Mr. Flurry.

Saville. From Mr. Flurry!

Diary. *(Taking out a book and giving the letter)* Yes, here it is ſafe encloſed in my dear *Pamela*; it has been there theſe two days, I aſſure you.

Saville. Why then not favour me with it before?

Diary. 'Cauſe I was ſadly 'fraid it wou'd make you melancholy; and they tell me you're already a cup too low, as old Saucer, the Poet, calls it.

Saville. Well, Diary, one muſt learn to brave miſfortunes. Let us ſee what the wiſe Star-gazer chooſes to predict. *(Reads)*

" Mr. Saville,

" Though my Ward, Auguſta, is an Heireſs, ſhe can-
" not marry without my Conſent; and I am reſolved
" ſhe ſhall never be the Wife of a Libertine."---

Diary. *(Reading Pamela to herſelf).* That Mr. B. was a wicked wretch, to be ſure, tho' Miſs Pamela might wear a check apron.

Saville. *(Reading)* " I am ſorry on account of your
" Uncle, my Friend Grump, and wiſh you were ſorry
" on your own.

PAUL FLURRY."

Diary (to herſelf.) What a ſad thing it wou'd have been if he had ſucceeded!

Saville. How! do you come to mock at my diſtreſs, Diary?

Diary. Who, I come to mock---I aſſure you, Mr. Saville, there's no young woman in England enjoys diſtreſs more than I do: I never read a book that ends happily, if I know it.

Saville. So, this is what I dreaded, tho' no more than I had reaſon to expect---by your being the bearer

of

of this letter, I am to ſuppoſe your lovely Miſtreſs agrees with her Guardian.

Diary. Yes, Sir, ſhe is quite agreable---as we ſay ---you have ſo often promis'd to reform, and ſo often broke your promiſe,---that---

Saville. True, Diary; but whatever I may feel, I have ſtill pride enough to applaud her conduct, and condemn my own—tell her ſo, Diary, and tell her beſides, tho' I have adored her from life's early period, and whilſt I have breath can never ceaſe to love her; yet---but no matter---'tis now too late---

Diary. Never too late to mend, Sir.---Lord, he's a great General, as they ſaid of Sir Iſaac Newton.—— [*Aſide*] It grieves me to part with him---Oh! Mr. Saville, if you knew all---

Saville. Knew what, Diary?

Diary. What I have ſeen, Sir.

Saville. Well, what have you ſeen?

Diary. Oh! ſuch things, Sir---but it is not my buſineſs to tell ſecrets, elſe I know what I know, and when people talk in their ſleep, I gueſs what they wou'd be at---as Lothario---the Fair Penitent ſays.---Good bye to you, Sir.

Saville. For heaven's ſake, explain a little---but perhaps---farewel, good Diary.

Diary. He's a ſweet man---as Juliet ſays to Old Capillaire, in the Play---Ah! Mr. Saville—if you had been my lover---

Enter Servant *with a Coat and Waiſtcoat.*

Saville. What wou'd you have done, my kind friend?

Diary. Any thing you had pleas'd, as your great old ladies did, Juno and Proſerpine, and Jane Shore did---ſtand out of the way. Lord he's a dear fellow, and if my Miſtreſs had ran away with him, we ſhou'd have all got into a novel together.

Sir Charles Chouſe *Enters.*

Your ſervant, Sir Charles Chouſe.

Sir Charles. Good day, Mrs. Diary, what ſtill on the ſame tune, Eh?

Diary. Ah! we have play'd it for the laſt time, Sir. Adieu Mr. Saville. Out of the way Varlet. [*Exit.*

Sir Charles. What, the happy day is fix'd at laſt Saville!

Saville. Happy, Sir. This is no time for raillery---

Sir Charles. No faith---Marriage is too ſerious a ſubject to joke on, but if it ſtings you now, what will it do hereafter.

Saville. Oh, Sir Charles, I have loſt a Treaſure.

Sir Charles. Loſt a Treaſure---When?

Saville. Now---this very moment---the beſt of Women.

Sir Charles. A Woman---thank Heaven it's no worſe. I thought you had loſt the other half of your Fortune.

Saville. Fortune! I have loſt Auguſta—the ſource—the ſummit of my hopes.---Read that letter.

Sir Charles. Why how has this happen'd---you are not more of a libertine than you were.

Saville. But am I not more involv'd? Is not my fortune ſquander'd---gone---am I not diſcarded by my Uncle, the only relation I have that can aſſiſt me——without friends---almoſt without reſource.

Sir Charles. Nay, never droop man---write to your Uncle, promiſe reformation---talk of prudence and parſimony---get him to raiſe the wind---and then for another venture: fortune you know muſt wheel about.

Saville. Sir Charles, you revive me. I'll not give way to deſpondence---I will write to my Uncle---tho' what hopes can I entertain from ſuch an avaricious diſpoſition---mean while I have ſcarce a guinea to throw in the way of the blind Goddeſs, were ſhe inclin'd to favour me.

Sir Charles. Don't let that diſtreſs you---tho' *I* have not the means, our new Friend will be here in an inſtant, and he is both liberal and capable.

Saville. Our new Friend.

Sir Charles. Yes, the Young Huſſar officer with the wound in his forehead, who, from his long reſidence abroad,

abroad, has been ſtiled the Chevalier.---See here he is, and as gay and lively as ever.

Enter Auguſta, *in an Huſſar dreſs, ſinging.*

Care flies from the lad that is merry, &c.

How fares it, my Heroes---heh!---melancholy, Saville, What's the matter with you?

Sir Charles. Huſh!---don't interrupt him---he's thinking.

Auguſta. Thinking! Sure he can't be ſo unfaſhionable. What, turn'd Philoſopher, Saville?

Saville. No, Chevalier---I wiſh I cou'd---but every man ruminates on his loſſes, and mine are irrecoverable.

Auguſta. Not if money will replace them. Come, come, my friend, you loſt a few thouſands laſt night, I won them, and if the loan will aſſiſt you, you may command me.

Saville. Are you ſerious?

Auguſta. Aye, ſerious as a Philoſopher.---Here---in this pocket-book are notes for near 5,000*l.* take and make the moſt of them.

Saville. What, without thinking when and how you are to be repaid.

Auguſta. Thinking again, Saville---pſha!---what's the uſe of thinking?---true Genius is above it---it always acts by inſtinct: ſo take the money, and if you wou'd oblige me, ſay no more about it.

Sir Charles. Hark ye, Chevalier, if inſtinct will prompt you to find another pocket-book---give it to me.

Saville. Why this is the moſt extraordinary act, Chevalier, but without you name ſome mode of repayment, upon my honour, I cannot accept——

Sir Charles. Stop! I'll ſettle the difference. You ſeem not to want the money, and he ſeems not to want the ſecurity: now I want the money, and have no ſecurity to give. So the buſineſs is ſettled at once.

Saville. Well, Chevalier, rather than our friend's archneſs ſhou'd have no effect, I will accept your offer on one condition---inſtantly take my bond, payable in three

three days, and by that time, if my Lawyer has not deceiv'd---aye, my Eſtate will be ſold, and I ſhall be in poſſeſſion of thrice the ſum.

Auguſta. Well, if you will have it ſo---

Saville. Nay, I will have it no other way---I'll go and prepare the bond this inſtant. Sir Charles, you will be kind enough to-----

Sir Charles. Oh, leave me to manage where any thing is to be got [*aſide to Saville, who goes out*]. Bravo, my dear Couſin, Auguſta---bravo---you play your part excellently; in this diſguiſe it is impoſſible he ſhou'd know you---why I ſcarce know you myſelf. Let me look at you.

Auguſta. Huſh! this further ſupply will draw him deeper in the toils---for if he plays again and loſes---

Sir Charles. Which he certainly will.—I have ſecur'd the loaded Dice.

Auguſta. And I have ſecur'd the Lawyer---the very man he has employed to raiſe him more money, is my particular friend---ſo when I can get the Deeds, the Property, and the Eſtate, into my own hands---my purpoſe is effected.

Sir Charles. But do you ſeriouſly wiſh to compleat his ruin?

Auguſta. Seriouſly.

Sir Charles. Why ſo?

Auguſta. Aye, there's the myſtery---one day or other you ſhall know---in the mean time be aſſur'd I love him more than ever.

Sir Charles. Then why not marry him?

Auguſta. What, to prevent the flame from increaſing---heh! Mr. Joker---no---no---beſides my Guardian will not conſent, or, if he wou'd, my heart and fortune wou'd both be ſquander'd away upon a deſperate Game of Chance. With ſubmiſſion, I muſt have better ſecurity for my affection, than your loaded Dice, Sir Charles.

Sir Charles. Well, it's not my affair---only remember our agreement---I am to aſſiſt you in ſtripping him; and you are to help me in improving my wardrobe.

Auguſta.

Auguſta. Without doubt---if thro' your means I ſucceed in the enterprize, you ſhall receive my warmeſt thanks; and a pocket-book into the bargain.

Sir Charles. Shall I!---then here I ſwear eternal obedience, and——

Re-enter Saville.

Saville. How, on your knees, Sir Charles!

Sir Charles. On my knees---I cou'd fall proſtrate at the feet of the Chevalier, for his generoſity to you.

Saville. Certainly! I owe him every grateful acknowledgement; but I never proſtrate myſelf, except to the ladies.

Auguſta. You are right, Saville---I never deſire to ſee you ſo, but in that capacity.---Oh! this is the bond is it; and now, I hope, your cares are at an end.

Saville. Would they were!

Auguſta. Heavens! what a ſigh was there; why ſure you are not in love?

Sir Charles. Not in love; why, poor fellow—he has juſt receiv'd his *Coup de Grace*—the Lady has ſeen ſomebody ſhe likes better—perhaps *you*, or *me*, Chevalier.

Auguſta. As you ſay, ſhe may have ſeen me; and who knows but I may be as likely to pleaſe her as any body elſe.

Sir Charles. Very true, upon my honour—the Lady is my relation; and if you wiſh to be acquainted, I'll introduce you whenever you pleaſe—indeed, ſhe's a very charming girl.

Auguſta. Sir, I have not the leaſt doubt of the lady's perfections.

Saville. The whole world can have but one opinion of Auguſta.

Sir Charles. Nay, ſhe is a perfect Angel—methinks I ſee her now before me—with her arch look, and roguiſh leer—ſuch charming talents—ſuch vivacity with ſo much feeling.

Auguſta (looking in a pocket glaſs). Egad, you colour ſo ſtrongly, that I cou'd fancy I ſaw her too; but that

I am

I am ſure the picture is too flattering.—Will you walk, Sir Charles—Saville, we ſhall meet at dinner.

Saville. Yes, the club are to dine with me—I ſhall expect you both.—Chevalier, this loan of yours, has given me new life.

Sir Charles. Yes, and it will give the club new life too.—Adieu, Saville—Don't loſe your ſpirits man.

Auguſta. No none of your woe-begone looks;—but put on a chearful counteuance.—Zounds, love—I laugh at it. I know no woman I like better than myſelf. Lookye, I'll ſtand your friend, Saville: Sir Charles ſhall introduce me to the cruel fair one; and if I don't laugh her into ſomething, ſay I am not the Chevalier—that's all my boy; if I don't make her reſume herſelf—ſay I'm not the Chevalier.—Come along Baronet. *(Exit with* Sir Charles.*)*

Saville. What a fine generous madcap fellow it is. With this temporary relief, I'll try once more to recover;—if I ſucceed, Auguſta may ſtill be mine. Who knows what Fortune may yet have in ſtore for me.

[*Exit.*

SCENE II.

Flurry diſcovered looking through a Teleſcope—a great Folio Book open before him.

Flurry. Twelve ſigns of the Zodiac—Aye, twelve—Let me ſee, Arus, one—Tarus, two—Gimini, three.

Enter Mrs. Flurry.

Mrs. Flurry. There's my delectable huſband—with his head full of nothing, but ſtars and comets, as thick as he's long, yet fancying himſelf in a decline.

Flurry. Gimini, three—Canker, four—Virago, five.

Mrs. Flurry. Mr. Flurry.

Flurry. Virago five---there ſhe is---No, ſhe is n't---Yes, ſhe is—Mercy on me---What a tail.

Mrs.

Mrs. Flurry. He raves,—will you hear me, Mr. Flurry.(*very loud*)

Flurry. Oh! dear, my wife's voice—She's ſo boiſterous. Will you never conſider my poor nerves.—I'm already in a gallopping conſumption.—Where's my Sal Volatile.

Mrs. Flurry. Where's your ſenſes, rather ſay.—Will you never leave off theſe noſtrums, and nonſenſe? What's the uſe of gazing all day after a comet? If it ſhould appear, do you think it will pay you for peeping?

Flurry. Not if I eſtimate it from you, my dear.

Mrs. Flurry. I have not patience.—If I was not the beſt wife in the world, I ſhould run diſtracted—I ſhould never ſurvive it.

Flurry. Shou'd'nt you? What hopes then for me, if you were not quite ſo good a wife as you are.

Mrs. Flurry. Don't diſtreſs yourſelf on that account any longer. I can't ſee why my youth ſhould be waſted, and my natural endowments loſt, where there is neither taſte to reliſh, or anxiety to preſerve.

Flurry. You ſurely can't ſay that I want anxiety, my life. I have had nothing elſe ſince I knew you.

Mrs. Flurry. Then the portion ſhall be doubled, my life. Do you hear that?

Flurry. Oh, Thunder! I fear I ſhall never hear again.

Mrs. Flurry. Yes, you will, you will hear, that your ward, Auguſta, is going to throw herſelf away upon a young rake.

Flurry. So would all your ſex, if they had the opportunity. A rake is your delight, and his youth your excuſe.

Mrs. Flurry. His youth our excuſe! Then I am an exception to the rule; for I have thrown myſelf away, without any ſuch apology to plead.

Flurry. Well, well, I have no doubt of preventing her flights; and, perhaps, I may be able to remedy yours.

Mrs. Flurry. I ſcorn your inſinuation and your menace; and truſt I may enjoy the innocent pleaſures

of faſhionable life, without endangering my reputation.

Flurry. Oh! certainly wife, certainly; nothing can be ſo innocent as faſhionable life: but though you don't *ſee your* danger, I can *feel* my own. My friend Grump has opened my eyes.

Mrs. Flurry. What, Sir, is my character to be canvaſs'd by ſuch a mean, pitiful, old miſer, as Grump? A wretch to traduce me, with his covetous whims, and ſhort ſentences—as careful of his words as of his money.

Grump (without). Will, come up I ſay—Will—that's enough *(Enters).*

Flurry. Welcome, neighbour Grump. You juſt come in time to ſtop my wife's mouth.

Grump. Stop a hurricane!—Can't be done, old Shake-about. *(Slaps Flurry on the back, and breaks his bottle.)*

Flurry. A hurricane indeed; I'm ſhook to ſhivers.

Grump. What, broke your bottle totteration. So much the better—teach you to be wiſer;—wrap up in whitey brown—can't break that.

Mrs. Flurry. Very neat, and vaſtly civil.

Grump. Don't mind civility—only picks a man's pocket.—Well, what ſay you—give Auguſta to my nephew.——Had a good fortune once—may have again.

Flurry. Can't poſſibly think of it, neighbour.—I ſent him my poſitive refuſal—He is ſuch a ſpendthrift and a rake-ſhame.

Grump. Take a wife to tame him—nothing elſe can.

Mrs. Flurry. What, Sir, do you judge from yourſelf? Do you look upon every huſband as a brute—to be tam'd by his wife?

Grump. Brute—aye—firſt, or laſt—ſeldom eſcapes.—Adviſe Flurry to be careful.

Flurry. Oh, dear—why put a man in mind of his misfortunes.—I muſt take a little Daffy.—Will you have a taſte?

Grump. Phyſic the dogs—hate an apothecaries ſhop;

ſhop;—colour'd brick duſt—and white chalk.—— What's this?—Stare at the ſun.

Mrs. Flurry. Pray Heaven he may break that to pieces *(aſide)*.

Flurry. At the ſun, neighbour—No—the comet's tail.

Grump. Tale of a Tub—all fudge—got ſomething elſe to make you ſtare——Send away Madam.

Mrs. Flurry. Indeed I ſhall not ſtay to be diſmiſs'd—but like my betters, will take leave to retire. So, Mr. Longhead and Mr. Wronghead, you wiſe cabinet counſellors, adieu. [*Exit.*

Grump. Happy riddance—Well—here it is—Read your fate, old Tremble—here's a tale for you.

Flurry. What will it touch us, do you think?

Grump. Touch you, yes, pretty nearly:——A kind paragraph in the paper—knew it wou'd get there at laſt—liſten.—*(Reads)* "If a certain buxom lady, of "a thick, punch, fanciful, water-gruel huſband,"—Do you mind that?

Flurry. It quite diſorders ones frame.—Go on.

Grump. "Makes aſſignations with baronets, near "an eminent painter's in Marlborough-ſtreet.—The exact place of meeting ſhall be publicly ſtated."

Flurry. Mercy on me—I am quite relax'd.——An eminent painter—that muſt mean my friend Pallet—I'll go there this inſtant—He'll tell me if there's any houſe of intrigue near him. I'll go there—that I will. *(Goes and returns)*—But ſuppoſe it ſhould be all a lie.

Grump. Aye—but truth's as cheap as lies;—beſides, ſee what a picture they have drawn of you—thick, punch, fanciful—water-gruel huſband—Muſt be you, like as two peas.

Enter Litigamus *with Parchment and Papers.*

Litig. Make bold to intrude—but aſk pardon for the offence Reverend, ſirs—believe I have never had the ſuperlative honour of ſpreading parchments for either, but if my information is right—one of you two muſt be the happy man.

Grump. Think you ſeem the happieſt of the bunch—little parchment ſpreader. Who the devil are you?

Litig. A proctor, at your ſervice—write—draw, ſcrawl, ſcribble—daſh—&c.—Can fill a ſkin with the tighteſt—a licence—or a will.—All the ſame to Litigamus—Marriage or death—both neceſſary evils. Permit me to have the honour of ſetting your name down in the divorce liſt. *(to Grump.)*

Grump. Can't be ſet down—have no honour for you—there's the happy man—told you ſo—Old Hornbeam. All the world knows of your good fortune.

Flurry. Gracious! what will become of me—Pray Mr. Lit—tit—gamus, what brought you to my houſe?

Litig. My own lucky ſtars.

Flurry. Stars! Oh then you came here perhaps—to tell us about the comet?

Litig. Comet! no! no!—that's too remote for my practice; ſome bright luminaries, that blaze cloſe at hand beſt ſuit my purpoſe.

Flurry. Blaze, cloſe at hand!—Oh lud! Oh lud!

Litig. Yes, my buſineſs is to make diſcoveries of a nearer kind.

Flurry. Nearer—what in the moon?

Litig. The moon—no—nor the man in the moon neither—by moonlight ſometimes—tho' my ſatellites moſtly ſhine in the dark—But here's my almanack—and if I am right—as I ſaid before—you are the happy man.

Grump. Yes—juſt ſuch an almanack as mine foretells the ſame event—ſame bill of fare.

Flurry. Bill of fare—where.

Grump. Where—Horn Tavern—Doctors Commons.

Litig. Yes, that's the place for action—no time to be loſt ſuch a handſome—good looking Gentleman to be ſo treated—Doctors Commons is the place—Citation—Jactitation—Excommunication, &c.

Grump. Botheration—I think too Mr. Cetera—What can this handſome, good looking gentleman do.

Litig.

Litig. Might I preſume to recommend, nameleſs—I wou'd ſay—no body more alert, active, bright—quick at proof—clear in ſtatement—nice in terms—I forbear to expatiate on myſelf—but only give the cue—in a week you ſhall be involv'd—in a fortnight altogether by the ears—thoroughly expoſed in leſs than a month, and a compleat happy man in a quarter.

Grump. There's expedition—only give the cue.

Flurry. Mercy on me, I have no cue to give—I know no more of my wife than you do—If we could but conſult the ſtars.

Litig. You had better conſult the civilians.

Grump. Yes, ſtare at a proctor—odd looking thing enough.

Litig. Thing! Mr. Roughcaſt—aye, and the beſt thing a huſband has to truſt to.—We fight his battles, and pepper his adverſary without endangering his own noddle.

Grump. No occaſion, wife takes care of his head before hand.

Litig. Let Madam, do her worſt—the ſtronger the proof, the ſooner he becomes a happy man—don't be uneaſy, Sir,—I have not the ſmalleſt doubt of your ſucceſs—facts clear as day—evidence ocular and auricular—the lady totally done up, and yourſelf the moſt pitiable object in the world.

Flurry. Oh my nerves—my poor nerves! I muſt have ſomething to take, where's my dalmahoy? Oh! oh! oh! oh.

Litig (taking one arm). Take my arm—ſweet, Sir. I'm a ſpecific always at hand.

Grump (ſeizing the other). Come, tumble on, Old Scarecrow.—Here's a coat of arms for you; antlers for a creſt—and a proctor for one of the ſupporters.

[*Exeunt.*

END OF ACT FIRST.

ACT

ACT II.

SCENE I.

Pallet's Houſe: a Room with Pictures—large whole length of Mrs. Flurry, in a Conſpicuous Situation.

Pallet. A VERY fine woman indeed, as I us'd to ſay to my wife. I wonder who ſhe can be; my good friend Sir Charles Chouſe, who introduc'd her here for a touch of my art, has never yet favour'd me with her name—wonder at that too—as I am in moſt of the Baronet's ſecrets—but great men have their myſteries, and ſeldom open the budget, without a little reſerve at bottom.

Sir Charles (without). Your maſter is quite alone, is he?

Pallet. Oh! here comes the Prime Miniſter himſelf!

Enter Sir Charles.

Sir Charles. Pallet, my old boy, I am glad to ſee thee. How goes buſineſs?

Pallet. Always ready for employment, as I us'd to ſay to Mrs. Pallet.

Sir Charles. Aye, you're a d—mn'd wicked, good ſort of a fellow, that's the truth of it.

Pallet. I rejoice to find you ſo early abroad—before, as I may ſay, the ſun has riſen, or the nobility got up—but—indeed, the morning air makes gentlemen look as if they wou'd live for ever.—As a painter, I quite rejoice.—As a phyſician, I ſhou'd die myſelf.

Sir Charles. True, Pallet—I believe I do look tolerably; but thou haſt a pretty way of touching up a picture—What think you of my fair friend on your canvaſs there?

Pallet.

Pallet. A fine ſubject, indeed, for a bruſh—exquiſite complexion, charming features, beautiful locks, and a rich proſpect in the back ground.

Sir Charles. Take great care then—that ſhe is not canvaſs'd elſewhere.—Mum, is the word.

Pallet. Mute as my own Pallet—people who talk only betray ſecrets, and talking of talking; I know when it's proper not to talk at all.

Sir Charles. Betwixt ourſelves—She is actually a married woman; whoſe huſband is as rich as Crœſus, and who knows but, with a little management, I may be able to dip in the ſame purſe. She is confoundedly virtuous at preſent—but ſhe has a damn'd deal of diſcernment, and that's all in my favour.

Pallet. Yes, ſhe will ſoon improve in good company, indeed ſhe begins to appear like a woman of faſhion already; for ſhe talks loud, tho' ſhe has nothing to ſay—forever in a buſtle, tho' ſhe has nothing to do; and beyond all, thinks ſhe excels in painting.

Sir Charles. So ſhe does—you may ſee that in her countenance; but the beſt of the joke is—that, tho' I have been acquainted with her ſome time, I have never once ſeen her huſband.—She tells me—he is always ſick, and I am not ſorry—

Flurry (without). Hey!——

Sir Charles. Heh!—who have we here—take no notice of me.

Enter Flurry.

Flurry. Servant! ſervant, Mr. Pallet—I wanted a little word with you; but I am ſo heated, I can ſcarce ſpeak—I have ſuch a woman upon my hands—heh! Who's that?

Pallet. Only a diſcreet friend of mine—nobody you have occaſion to be afraid of.

Flurry. Well then, as I can rely on you, I want to aſk your advice. Pray do you know of a convenient houſe hereabouts, where people—you underſtand me—might meet together if they chooſe it?

Pallet [*Aſide*]. A woman upon his hands—convenient houſe—ſure he don't mean mine—or perhaps he does

does want ſuch a little ſnug retreat—*(to him)* Why, Sir, there are ſuch places, I believe, to be met with—but you, who are a ſober married man—would wiſh, I preſume, to have a curtain drawn over the exhibition.

Flurry. Curtain drawn! Me in an exhibition—you ſuffocate me; ſure you can't think I want ſuch a place myſelf!

Pallet. Dear me—I beg pardon. Like to have a ſad miſtake [*aſide*]. But talking of wants, pray, may I aſk, what it is you do want?

Flurry. Why, I have ſeen a *wicked* ſtory in the papers, which I am *anxious* to have confirm'd—about a bad houſe in your neighbourhood,

Pallet. In my neighbourhood?

Flurry. Yes, near an eminent painter, in Marlborough-ſtreet.

Pallet. An eminent painter—that, indeed, can mean only me—Gad very near blowing myſelf [*aſide*]. Sir, I can aſſure you, I know of no bad houſe at all—this Gentleman can vouch for it.

Sir Charles. I—I—Yes,—I can vouch for it—It's word for word, as he ſtates it.—Pray what were you talking of—I hope I don't interrupt buſineſs.

Flurry. No, I wiſh you did interrupt buſineſs—I have ſome reaſon to ſuſpect a lady of mine being too partial to a diſſipated rake of a baronet—Don't you think it very raſcally, ſir, in a man of faſhion, to attack any gentleman's wife, who is a quiet peaceable, good ſort of man, and attacks no body.

Sir Charles. Shocking indeed, ſir.—What ſay you Pallet?

Pallet. Oh dreadful, and ſo ſweet, ſo gentleman like a gentleman—a gentleman who is incapable of uſing any other gentleman ſo.

Sir Charles. Moſt ſhameful! have you any idea of the gallant?

Flurry. Oh no! but they tell me it's one of your idle fellows about town—and an ill looking dog I hear; but are you ſure, there is no ſuch houſe of meeting hereabouts.

Pallet. Nothing of the kind I can venture to ſay.

Flurry.

Flurry. Aye, it's all an impudent lie, I ſuppoſe—well, that's a cordial indeed—This is a ſweet pretty houſe of yours, Mr. Pallet. Some charming pictures too.

Pallet. Happy in ſuch a connoiſſeur to commend.

Flurry. You know I promis'd you ſhou'd draw my wife's picture ſome day or other—heh! zounds—what the devils that I ſee? there ſhe is—why you've got my wife at full length—O heavens! I ſhall faint—where's my Dalmahoy?

Sir Charles. The devil—his wife—this is certainly Flurry himſelf.—

Pallet. To be ſure it is.—Why wou'd not you mention his name before?

Sir Charles. What a diſcovery!—Zounds, exert your ingenuity, make ſome damn'd good lie or other.

Pallet. I'll try—*(Aſide)* Ha! ha! ha!—My good friend, Mr. Flurry, ſo it's like your wife is it—Ah! poor Mrs. Jenkyns—It's rather a flatt'ring likeneſs, tho' I ſhou'd ſuppoſe—but I have a way of making my pictures like every body.

Sir Charles. Gad, ſo you have Pallet—very like—poor Mrs. Tompkins. Now I obſerve. I know her at once—

Flurry. Tompkins—Jenkins!—What is all this? I may as well take another look—aye, there is ſome difference now I perceive,—no, it can't be my wife, ſhe cou'd never get here.

Enter Mrs. Flurry.

Mrs. Flurry. My dear Mr. Pallet, have you finiſh'd my picture?

Pallet. Huſh!

Mrs. Flurry. What is the matter—I tell you ſir Charles is very impatient, he ſays it is not half handſome enough—Oh dear Sir Charles are you there?

Flurry. (advancing) Yes, and I am here, and you are here, and Mrs. Jenkyns is here, and we are all here—Oh! Mr. Pallet, you are a pretty man, and this diſcreet friend of yours is I ſuppoſe, the ill looking dog that I was caution'd againſt---Yes, now I ſee it is.

Mrs. Flurry. For heaven's ſake Mr. Flurry, how can you expoſe yourſelf before ſtrangers.

Flurry. I believe it is you that expoſe me, but not before ſtrangers.

Sir Charles. Now to bring her off. *(aſide)* Upon my honour, I feel myſelf extremely chagrin'd to be the innocent cauſe of ſewing diſſentions between ſo deſerving a couple; but wiſhing to have a portrait of my deceaſed friend, Mrs. Jenkyns.

Flurry. Why juſt now you call'd her Tomkins.

Sir Charles. No, no, Jenkins.

Pallet. Oh! Jenkins.

Sir Charles. The late widow Jenkins, and hearing your fair lady reſembled her in features, I prevailed on her good nature to ſit for an hour or two, that's the whole affair.

Pallet. Yes, a perfect ſketch, drawn by a maſter.

Mrs. Flurry. I had beſt purſue the hint *(aſide)*. Well, if this is to be the conſequence of my wiſh to oblige, Mr. Flurry may break his heart e'er he ſhall find me good natur'd again.

Flurry. I don't recollect---I ever found you ſo before.

Sir Charles. Let me perſuade you, Sir, not to put wrong conſtructions on the moſt harmleſs——

Pallet. A mere daſh of the pencil, effac'd in a moment.

Sir Charles. A circumſtance that happens every day.

Pallet. No ſooner ſeen than blotted out.

Sir Charles. The firſt families in town——

Pallet. Flock to my houſe continually, and no one ever preſumed to call it in queſtion.

Enter Litigamus.

Litig. This is the bad houſe---I've found it out---this is the place of aſſignation---have had my ſcouts at work.---My client, the parchments are fitting, and your expoſure will follow immediately---Oh! theſe I ſuppoſe are the parties concern'd---an amicable ſuit perhaps---quite the ſame thing to me.

Sir Charles. Why, who the devil are you, and what is your buſineſs here?

Litig.

Litig. My buſineſs is every where, never out of my way; if parties are adverſe, there am I—ifamicable, here ſtands Liti—a wedding, or a divorce, abuſe or praiſe—fill but the parchment—enough for the proctor.

Sir Charles. Stop his mouth Pallet—Gad, this friend of your's Mr. Flurry, is a very facetious fellow, ha! ha! a very pleaſant fellow indeed.

Flurry. Yes, he came to my houſe pleaſantly and told me a very pleaſant ſtory, advis'd a pleaſant mode of redreſs, and now ſeems as pleaſant about it as if nothing had happen'd—Don't you think ſo my dear?

Mrs. Flurry. Yes, my dear, a very pleaſant buſineſs altogether.

Litig. (to Pallet) Sir Charles, a generous client you ſay?

Pallet. (to Litig.) As a prince—beſides he wants nothing of the lady but a little looſe caſh perhaps, that he may reward his friends the better.

Litig (to Pallet). Always open to conviction, and love to prevent animoſities—A very whimſical miſtake indeed.

Flurry. What you are in the miſtake too?

Litig. Oh yes.—Nothing ſo common in practice; my friend Mr. Pallet aſſures me, there cannot be a more ſtriking likeneſs, than the one to the other, and dare ſay, Mr. Flurry is perfectly convinced that Mr. Tomkins, Jenkyns, what's his name, was a moſt deſirable woman, and ſhou'd my client wiſh for the picture——

Flurry. Oh don't mention it; I never deſire to ſee their likeneſs again, let's be gone.

Litig. Well, de Mortuis nil—pleaſe you an arm for each. Between man and wife, who ſo proper to direct the path—lead them right—tread lightly o'er—(*Treads accidently on Flurry's toe.*)

Flurry. Oh dear—I ſhall never tread again—I have no foot left. I ſhall ſink—Oh! oh!

Litig. Aſk ten thouſand pardons—a little too heavy—Servant gentlemen, (*ſees Sir Charles, and*

Mrs. Flurry, ogling each other) there, you ſee how it is—All will be well again from top to toe.

Exeunt Flurry, Mrs. Flurry, *and* Litig.

Sir Charles. This curſed picture has been very unfortunate.

Pallet. An unlucky ſtroke, but pretty well varniſh'd over.

Sir Charles. That quivering fool will never ſuffer his wife to come here again, and he and his proctor together may ſo watch her motions, that I deſpair of getting a ſeparate interview.

Pallet. It's hard upon us artiſts, that a lady mayn't ſet where ſhe pleaſes.

Sir Charles. Therefore I'm determin'd to execute a plan which I have ſometime had in my head; will you aſſiſt?

Pallet. Doubtleſs.

Sir Charles. You have heard of your brother painter, doctor Hubble bubble.

Pallet. What the great man who cures by a look?

Sir Charles. Yes, that makes the dumb to roar a catch, and teaches the gouty to dance a hornpipe.

Pallet. Oh! Sir Charles, he's a moſt wonderful genius.

Sir Charles. True! then what do you think of paſſing for him?

Pallet. I—imitate the great man—impoſſible.

Sir Charles. Why ſo—I'm ſure you are quite as wonderful a fellow—I'll be your aſſiſtant.—Go and procure us a couple of ſuitable diſguiſes.

Pallet. Egad, quite new—hitherto I have only painted others—I muſt now go and try to paint myſelf.

Sir Charles. Loſe no time—at preſent, I have another engagement on my hands.—Adieu—I've no doubt of ſucceſs as I've ſuch a damn'd wicked good ſort of a fellow for an ally. [*Exit.*

Pallet. Yes,—I'm up to any thing, as I us'd to ſay to Mrs. Pallet. [*Exit.*

SCENE

SCENE II.

An Apartment in Saville's Houſe—Large folding Doors.

Enter Auguſta, *and* Saville *following.*

Saville. You ſhall come back.

Auguſta. No, while I have my ſenſes, I'll keep them.

Saville. Keep your ſenſes! pſha!—don't you wiſh to be on a footing with the reſt of the company.

Auguſta. Faith, I am not ſo ambitious—I hate wine.—You forgot I have lived abroad, Saville—I can't ſit like a dull Engliſhman, a whole afternoon, grinning at table jokes, and proſing over politics—My mind is active—all life and fire.

Saville. Come, come, confeſs, you are going to ſigh away the evening with ſome fair incognita.

Auguſta. With a woman, Saville—No, hang it—that wou'dn't anſwer my purpoſe.—If Sir Charles does not come ſoon, the ſcheme is undone. *(Aſide.)*

Saville. Where are you going then!

Auguſta. Oh! Perhaps to judge of the play, by a lounge in the lobby—or enjoy the Opera, by a ſtrut in the coffee-room—or elſe, take a nap in the gallery of the Houſe of Commons, to prove my patriotiſm;—in ſhort, like the bulk of mankind, any where to avoid reflection.

Saville. That's juſt my own caſe—follow my example—if you would avoid reflection, the beſt remedy is at hand, to loſe ſight of care—take a bumper my boy.

Enter Sir Charles.

Sir Charles. You are wrong there—that's the way to ſee it double.—If the man hates thinking—ſend him to me—The only reflecting thing in my houſe is a looking-glaſs.

Auguſta. Well, Saville as our friend Sir Charles is here, I've no objection to return for a few minutes;—but remember our agreement—No play for me.—A word,

word, Sir Charles—Are the falſe dice ready—are we ſure of ſucceſs? *(Aſide to Sir Charles.)*

Sir Charles. Yes, my confederates are in the next room, and my life on't, we ſtrip him of the laſt ſhilling.—*(Aſide to Aug.)* Come let's diſpatch—See the lads are at it already——the bones are in motion.

Saville. Are they? Then fleſh and blood can't reſiſt—and now Chevalier, we'll loſe ſight of reflection forever. [*Exit to company thro' the folding doors.*

Enter Grump, *with a Letter.*

Grump. Got a letter from my nephew—Come, to ſee if it's true——*(Reads.)*

" Dear Uncle,

" I am ſenſible of my error—grown quite another being—live with friends as prudent at yourſelf. Favour me with a little ſupply, to forward the reformation.

Your ever obliged

GEO. SAVILLE."

Grump. Prudent as myſelf—can't be—however ſomething in it, perhaps;—wiſh to be good natur'd—lend him a guinea.

Re-enter Auguſta, *from middle Room.*

Auguſta. So, they are already deeply engag'd—and I have given them the ſlip, while he is pigeon'd—it's better I ſhould be out of the way.——Who have we here?

Grump. One of the prudent ſet, I ſuppoſe—not much like me though—Pump him:—Servant.

Auguſta. Servant old Truepenny; what brings you here—warrant in your pocket—arreſt the word, heh!

Grump. Yes, that's the word—don't like it, mayhap. Where's my nephew?

Auguſta. His nephew! as I live, old Grump. He is rich, and I may aſſiſt Saville, without injuring my my own deſigns *(aſide.)* Oh, Sir, I aſk ten thouſand pardons; your nephew is quite an alter'd man.

Grump. Hear ſo—begins to reform.

Auguſta.

Auguſta Begins---finiſh'd! He has already ſhun'd all his old friends.

Grump. That's right---hate old friends; apt to borrow money.——Don't much like new ones.

Auguſta. A wiſe maxim, Sir, therefore I ſhould be happy to borrow a little, as being neither one nor t'other; for betwixt ourſelves, your nephew is grown ſo cloſe of late——

Grump. Think he is---keeps cloſe in his hole—— Why not come out?

Auguſta. No, I mean cloſe fiſted, penurious, wary. I dare ſay he outdoes you in every thing:---you keep no ſervants, perhaps, and only ſtarve yourſelf;---now he keeps ſeveral, and ſtarves them and himſelf too.

Grump. Starves them, does he? Then you are not one of his keeping, that's certain. However, if he is ſo miſerable, ſtep on—enjoy it with him.

Auguſta. Stop! ſtop! You hav'n't heard all yet— He is grown exceſſively fond of ſtudy, and is at this moment up to the elbows in Blackſtone.

Grump. What Law! heh! Don't like it—keep out of the way—interrupt him, perhaps.

Auguſta. Yes, you had better come another time. Good-day, Mr. Grump—I give you joy, your nephew is grown quite ſtudious——Good bye to you---ſo ſtudious, ſo peaceful, ſo quiet——Your very humble ſervant.

Grump. Aye, call another time——Paid my viſit ---ſav'd a guinea. Servant---glad to find every thing ſo quiet. *(Going,)*

(A laugh within.

Ha! what's all that?

Auguſta. Plague take their clamour, *(More noiſe.)*

Grump. What, Hell broke looſe? Blackſtone in a paſſion.

Auguſta. Stay, Sir, I'll explain the whole affair:--- The fact is this---Men of the firſt character and learning, who countenance your nephew, are met in the next room, to diſcuſs literary ſubjects.

Grump. Literati; what in blue ſtockings, heh! aye

aye---Laugh at their own jokes; never at any body's elſe.---Take one peep at the blue ſtockings, however.

Auguſta. Stop, Sir---for Heaven's ſake, Sir, ſtop! If they ſee you, they may grow deſperate; they may lampoon you---write your life.

Grump. Write my life! ſo much the better---get into good company; ſhine in the tete-a-tetes.---Will take a peep.

Enter Sir Charles, *from folding doors.*

Sir Charles. Joy! give me joy, Chevalier---I have carried off the golden fleece. I have won every thing. Here, here, my friend, here's you caſh again, and his notes for as much more.

Auguſta. Stop your tongue---Don't you ſee?

Sir Charles. See, yes, I do ſee, and a fine looking fellow it is; juſt one of us. Come, take a round, Truſty—'ſlife you ſhall enter---and get as drunk as the reſt of the party.

Grump. Drunk! What, Literati get drunk?

Auguſta. No, no, he means intoxicated with ſcience, and fluſh'd with the heat of argument---don't you, Sir Charles?

Sir Charles. I mean fluſh'd with the juice of the grape, and as drunk as pipers.

Auguſta. Why you've loſt your ſenſes.

Grump. Not he---can't loſe what he never had---Smoke, the whole.——Literati, indeed!---button my pockets.

Auguſta. Indeed, Sir, you miſunderſtand him: they may have been drinking a little to quicken their fancy, and deciding their controverſial ſubjects by betting.---Nothing ſo common, is it Charles?

Sir Charles. You never were more out in your life; come along with me, old Crabſtick, and I'll give you occular proof, proof poſitive, my Trojan. There---ſeven's the main, and nothing's the chance;---now are you ſatisfied?

Grump. Yes, ſee how they ſtarve themſelves.——Off while I'm ſafe.

Sir Charles. Nay, you muſt not go thus, my little money

Money Flincher; they are all ſo mad, you might pick their pockets without being diſcover'd.

Grump. Might I---not a bad halfpenny amongſt them, though---Get my own pick'd perhaps, hang'd into the bargain. No, off while I can.---*(Laughs)* Good bye, Literati. [*Exit.*

Auguſta. So, you have amus'd yourſelf to ſome purpoſe: You don't know Saville's uncle, old Grump, when you ſee him?

Sir Charles. No; never ſaw him in my life.

Auguſta. Except this inſtant, that you frighten'd him away, when I had perſuaded him of Saville's reformation.—'Slife, though I have my motives for ruining him, there's no reaſon why I ſhould not keep his uncle as a *corps de reſerve.*

Sir Charles. Don't be vex'd at my talking more than yourſelf; but ſtep in, and enjoy the victory—— Ha! here he comes; I muſt to my phyſical ſcheme on old Flurry. Adieu, my ſweet couſin; what you wou'd be at, heaven knows; only two things I am ſure of; you love myſtery, and I love money; and ſo, as he has none at preſent left to loſe, fare you well. [*Exit.*

Enter Saville.

Saville. Confuſion! Day after day, the ſame unwearied perſecution—never one fortunate hour. You here, Sir *(To Auguſta.)* As you would not be preſent while we play'd, I think you might have avoided witneſſing your friend's defeat.

Auguſta. Why ſo? One may hurt leſs than t'other.

Saville, How, Sir, is this a time for mirth?

Auguſta. Nay, don't be angry, Saville; when a man has loſt his ſenſes, he can't expect to keep his money you know.

Saville. Death and fire, keep your temper, Sir; reſtrain your warmth.

Auguſta. Warmth, Saville; I never was cooler in

my life; and what's more, I believe you'll never find a way to warm me.

Saville. Look ye, Sir, I have loſt ſome thouſands; and if you'll be temperate. (*Aug. ſings.*) Temperate I ſay, Sir, for one moment! Diſtraction! Will you hear me.

Auguſta. Why I do, I do hear you.

Saville. Then out of pure good nature—merely out of good nature, I will give you a throw for five thouſand.

Auguſta. Nay, Saville, I never game; beſides it would be playing for nothing—you have none of the ready left.

Saville. Then by heavens, I'll be calm no longer: Hark'e, Sir, you add inſult to my deſpair; and here I tell you I have been dup'd—dup'd by knaves and cheats.

Auguſta. Cheats! Zounds! I hope you don't allude to me, Sir.

Saville. Yes, Sir, I ſuſpect you were in the combination; and to be plain, Sir, I have no doubt, but you advanc'd the money only to enſnare me; and if you do not inſtantly give me a chance of retrieval, I will proclaim you to the world a thief and an impoſtor.

Auguſta (aſide). Oh lord! no body near---I'm frighten'd to death.

Saville. Come, Sir, I have call'd you impoſtor.

Auguſta. No, you hav'n't—indeed you hav'n't.

Saville. Then I add coward to the ſtigma, and now I am reſolv'd on having ſatisfaction, one way or other. Come, Sir, no evaſion---the ſword or the dice.

Auguſta. Oh lord, Sir, I never gave a Gentleman ſatisfaction in my life.

Saville. Mean, daſtardly wretch, defend yourſelf this inſtant.

Auguſta (kneeling). Oh! have pity, Sir, if you'll be calm, I'll give you a thouſand pounds——

Saville. A thouſand devils!---Give me a fair chance.

Grump

Grump (without). Tell him not to write any more---won't pay poſtage. [*Enters.*

Auguſta (*riſing*). D—mn you, Sir, what do you mean by offering me a thouſand pounds. (*draws and offers to fight.*) [Saville *retires.*

Come on, I ſay, Sir.---What, you've had enough have you; Damme, I knew---I ſhou'd humble you.

Grump. What, young flaſh away turn'd duelliſt!

Auguſta. Sir, I have been ſo inſulted, that I ſhall leave the houſe while I can keep my temper. Mr. Saville, if you can ſhake off your natural timidity, you will let me hear from you; if not, I ſhall be oblig'd to expoſe you, I ſhall, indeed.

Grump. Fine fellow! lick ſome of my debtors into payment---What George! Literati, too fierce, ha!

Saville. Sir, this is no time for explanation.---As for you, mean wretch as you are, think not to eſcape my reſentment.

Auguſta. What, you can bully now! Sir, if you'll believe me, when you came, the hectoring combatant you now ſee, was down on his knees for pity, offering a thouſand pounds.

Grump. Aye, aye, great bully---I warrant not worth ſo many pence.

Auguſta. Yes, Sir, he wou'd have frighten'd any other man out of his ſenſes---but I, Sir,---I have humbled him---come, go about your buſineſs, I pardon you.

Saville. Pardon me! but you are too contemptible for notice. Dear Uncle, permit me to retire for a moment to recollect myſelf. [*Exit.*

Auguſta. Contemptible, indeed.---'Sblood I'll follow and chaſtiſe him this inſtant.

Grump. Great mind to let him---the dog deſerves it---no---ſpare him this time; walk with me.

Auguſta. Well, Sir, out of mere reſpect to you---elſe---zounds---if I did'n't know you'd prevent me, I'd——But no matter, I am cool.

Grump. That's right, more adapted to Literati;

come walk ſide by ſide---there now---two hero's together. Od! lick the world---heh! Brother, Alexander.

Auguſta. Yes, my little Clytus, when you come to know me, you'll find that I'm a match for any man; if I chooſe to engage with him. [*Exeunt.*

END OF SECOND ACT.

ACT

ACT III.

SCENE I.

A Room in an Old Houſe, with Electrical and Magnetical Apparatus.

Enter Sir Charles *and* Pallet *in Diſguiſe, as a Doctor and his Man.*

Sir Charles. BRAVO, Maſter Pallet! Excellent—how well one painter can copy another. You look like the real Doctor Hubblebubble himſelf. I always ſaid you had a good knack at diſguiſe. What think you of me for your journeyman?

Pallet. Not an apothecary's 'prentice in town can be better prepar'd for a peſtle and mortar; and, with ſubmiſſion, I may ſay, diſguiſe ſits natural upon us both.

Sir Charles. I have borrow'd this old houſe, and provided the trumpery that you ſee, to give a better colour to the plan.

Pallet. But are you ſure, Flurry will venture hither?

Sir Charles. Quite certain; I knew he had heard of Dr. Hubblebubble's late fame in magnetiſm, and other modern wonders; therefore ſent him a line in the Doctor's name, aſſuring him that he wou'd make a complete cure of him, gratis, for the ſake of his own reputation. You may eaſily imagine our valetudinarian bit at the propoſal.

Pallet. No doubt; but how can I bite him when he comes? my brother, bruſh, may underſtand ſomething of phyſic; but I confeſs myſelf quite a novice in the ſcience.

Sir Charles.

Sir Charles. Novice! ſo much the better; what ſignifies ſcience in this age; puff your own ignorance, take advantage of the credulous, and you are ſure to have a multitude at your heels. You muſt talk to him in High Dutch.

Pallet. I cou'd as ſoon converſe with him in Chineſe.

Sir Charles. No matter, any jargon will ſuffice---his folly will keep pace with yours, I warrant you.---Do but detain him here, till I can have an interview with Madam, and the buſineſs is done.

Flurry (without). Ha! Hem!——

Sir Charles. Huſh! here he comes---to your ſtudies—adjuſt your perriwig, and fix your brow.

Flurry (without). Mercy on me! what a terrible ſteep old ſtair caſe; I'm up at laſt. [*Enters*]. Oh dear! Where's the Doctor—Is that the great man that promiſes to cure me with a touch, gratis?

Sir Charles. Yes—the worſe you are, the ſooner you'll be well.

Flurry. Dear me! how lucky it is that I'm ſo bad—may I ſpeak to him? he ſeems quite taken up with himſelf; I expected to have ſeen the whole town at his door.

Sir Charles. Huſh! no noiſe—this is a private day—don't interrupt his meditations; and above all, mind how you tread—the whole room is one electrical matter. If you touch a nail, you'll be convuls'd.

Flurry. Oh lord!—lay hold of me. (Pallet *puts out the lamp*)—Dungeons and death—why we are almoſt in the dark.

Sir Charles. In the dark—to be ſure—that's the way your great phyſicians practiſe—always in the dark——now, Sir, prepare yourſelf.

Flurry. Yes—I—I—will——what muſt I do?

Sir Charles. Draw near the Doctor—as the firſt proof of his art. He'll put you to exceſſive pain.

Flurry. Exceſſive pain—Oh lud! I'm in a cold ſweat already.

Sir Charles. Never fear—you'll ſoon be warm'd—now Doctor. Here ſtands your patient.

Pallet.

Pallet. Bring out de ſurpriſing magnetic chair.

Sir Charles (bringing it). Aye, this is the panacea—this is the univerſal remedy. Come, Sir, loſe no time—get into it—[*aſide*] once fix him there, and I'll be off.

Pallet. Fix de patient, and go fetch de inſtruments.

Flurry. Inſtruments!—Oh mercy!—I ſhall be cut up alive.

Sir Charles. Quick, quick, loſe no time, I hav'n't a moment to ſpare.

Flurry. Why, what are you about?—wou'd you truſs me up like a rabbit?

Sir Charles. So, he ſeems pretty ſafe; and now to ſecure his Lady;—Doctor, don't loſe ſight of your patient. [*Exit.*

Flurry. What are you going to do, Doctor?

Pallet. Now for de cure—firſt, dis aſiatic cap muſt be put over your face—come, no ſtruggle.

Enter Auguſta.

Auguſta (aſide). I met Sir Charles ruſhing out of this door in ſuch a dreſs, and in ſuch haſte, he cou'd n't anſwer me.

Flurry. Take it away—take it away; mercy Doctor! What, wou'd you iron maſk me?

Auguſta. Here's ſomething myſterious—perhaps Saville is in the plot.

Pallet. Put on de cap, or I ſall give you endleſs pain.

Flurry. I won't—I won't be blind-folded.—Oh lud, will no body help me.

Auguſta (*overſets the table with all the Electrical Apparatus*) I'll aid the confuſion, to ſecure our retreat.

Flurry. Oh lud!—Oh dear—the worlds at an end—We ſhall be all burnt in our beds. Help! help! [*Exit.*

Pallet (*with the dark lanthern looking about*). Zounds, what a craſh! Sure ſome one muſt have got into the room.—Damn the chair (*tumbles over it*), I don't ſee any body—I'm as much terrified as Flurry himſelf.

Auguſta [*aſide*]. Are you ſo? then it's high time I ſhou'd take courage.

Pallet.

Pallet. Well, I have finiſhed my Doctorſhip—and ſo perriwig be gone.—Now, if he does but ſucceed with Mrs. Flurry.

Auguſta. Who ſucceed with Mrs. Flurry?

Pallet. Oh forgive me my ſins.

Auguſta. Peace, blockhead; who is to ſuceeed with Mrs. Flurry—Sir Charles, or Saville?

Pallet. Dear, ſweet, Sir.—

Auguſta. Don't prevaricate.

Pallet. I won't. Saville, did you ſay?

Auguſta. Aye, Saville, Sir.—Come, confeſs, or I'll do you more miſchief—than you intended to that old trembletonian.

Pallet. If I betray, Sir Charles, I ruin every thing (*aſide*), better lay it to Saville (*aſide*). Well, Sir, ſince I muſt confeſs the truth, the whole is a ſcheme of Mr. Saville's.

Auguſta. So!

Pallet. He prevail'd on, Sir Charles, and me, to lure Mr. Flurry into this old houſe, that he might paſs an agreeable half hour with his wife, and Sir Charles is now gone to inform him of our ſucceſs.

Auguſta. Conduct me to them then.

Pallet. What, Sir, wou'd you ſpoil ſport?

Auguſta. Sport do you call it—Shew me the way this inſtant.

Pallet. I will, Sir!—Oh lord! I never was ſo frighten'd in all my life—if I can but get ſafe into the ſtreet, little Pallet will ſoon bruſh off (*aſide*).

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

The Outſide of the Houſe.

Enter Auguſta *and* Pallet *from the Door.*

Auguſta. Come along, Sir; no more electrical tricks, if you pleaſe, follow me.

Pallet. To be ſure, Sir—but firſt let me ſecure Old Puzzlepate from following us [*aſide*].

Auguſta.

Auguſta. Why do you loiter ſo?—Come Sir, lead the way.

Pallet. That I will, and make away too—if I can. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Litigamus.

Litig. Charming fellow, Sir Charles! a few more ſuch Baronets wou'd ſupport a new Doctors Commons. Crim. con. as plenty as hops—Old Flurry little thinks what he's about now.

Flurry (*from the window*). Help! Help!—where am I?

Litig. What, my dear Mr. Flurry up in the cock loft.

Flurry. My dear friend Liti—is it you—where are we?

Litig. Where are we?—in Knight Rider-ſtreet, Doctors Commons.

Flurry. What, are you come to the Doctor to be cur'd with a touch, gratis?

Litig. A touch, gratis—Oh no,—that wou'd not do for me. When I am touch'd, I always take.

Flurry. Oh dear, how ſhall I find the way out of this confounded old manſion. Will you ſtep up and aſſiſt me?

Litig. Swift as thought—but ho—proceedings are ſtop'd—the door is lock'd—it will be impoſſible to join iſſue on this occaſion.

Flurry. The door lock'd! O mercy, I ſhall be robbed and murdered. I'll try to get out of the window.

Litig. Heaven forbid; you'll break your neck. I may loſe a client (*aſide*). There's a ladder yonder, by that houſe that's repairing. I'll go and fetch it directly. [*Exit.*

Flurry. Be quick, be quick! While I'm here, my wife may be going off with her gallant. Oh! if ever I think of a touch again.

Re-enter Litigamus, *with a Ladder.*

Litig. Now, dear Sir, make haſte and deſcend; but take care; one falſe ſtep you know—

Flurry. Yes, yes, I know—I'll be after them—hold it faſt, Mr. Proctor. Am I ſafe? There now—I'll be after them as quick as a lamplighter. (*Runs out.*)

Litig. (*With the ladder on his ſhoulder.*) Gad, I think I look more like a lamplighter——Ha! ha! A whimſical ſuit this. No matter; a good proctor can carry any thing. [*Exit with ladder.*

Enter Mrs. Flurry *and* Sir Charles.

Sir Charles. Surely, my deareſt madam, you are not ſerious.

Mrs. Flurry. Hav'n't I reaſon to be ſerious, Sir Charles? I am not the dupe you wiſh'd me. My ſervant told me, Mr. Flurry was here; and I inſiſt that you let me enter the houſe directly.

Sir Charles. I tell you he is not there; but if he was, you would not come in ſearch of your huſband? Why if this were known, it would ruin you in polite life forever.

Re-enter Pallet, *with the key.*

Pallet. Thanks to fortune, I have eſcaped from my troubleſome companion, ha!

Mrs. Flurry. Don't prevent me, Sir Charles; I inſiſt on looking after him; Sir open the door immediately.

Pallet. What, put a man and his wife in the ſame piece?

Mrs. Flurry. I will no longer be trifled with.

Sir Charles. Think of the difference between the lover and the huſband.

Pallet. Yes, a good copy, and a bad original.

Mrs. Flurry. Unhand me, I ſay; nay, then 'tis time to call help! help!

Saville *enters.*

Saville. How! a lady in diſtreſs—releaſe her this inſtant, or by heavens——

Sir Charles. Silence, Saville—don't interrupt paſtime.

Saville.

Saville. Sir Charles, is it you? I hope then there is no occaſion for my interference.

Mrs. Flurry. Sir, if you have any ſpirit or humanity, you will prevent my being detain'd any longer from my huſband, who is lock'd up in that houſe.

Saville. Mrs. Flurry, the friend of Auguſta! Why, Sir Charles, you wou'd not keep the lady from her huſband.

Pallet. Her huſband! the old ſtory. Harkye,—hackney'd as the *pave*—notorious, common—

Saville. Stand by, Sir, I know the lady well; and the reſpect that is her due. Say no more—but let her enter the houſe directly.

Sir Charles. Zounds, Saville, is this your friendſhip?

Saville. Friendſhip! I am ſorry, Sir Charles, to find you ſo unworthy of it. Come, Madam, favour me, with your hand; there—be aſſur'd while I have life, no power on earth ſhall interrupt you. (*Puts her in.*)

Sir Charles. Death and fury! Do you know what you have done, Sir?

Saville. Yes, releaſed a lady from violence; and, perhaps, ſaved my friend from diſhonour.

Sir Charles. Mighty well—I underſtand this irony—but let me follow her—or by all that's——

Saville. Spare your warmth, Sir Charles; you have heard my determination.

Sir Charles. Then you ſhall hear mine—let me paſs this inſtant; or abide the conſequences.

Saville. The firſt I will not—the laſt I'm prepar'd for.

Pallet, (*with a tuck ſtick*). Come out my two edged bruſh—you ſhall give the finiſhing ſtroke, I warrant.

Saville. Is this your uſual bravery!

Sir Charles. No matter, Sir—I will paſs.

Enter Auguſta.

Auguſta. Saville, in danger; let me forget my ſex and fly to ſave him—(*Plaing herſelf on the ſide of Saville.*)

Flurry (*without*). Oh lud! I can't find her any where.

Sir Charles. Auguſta and Flurry coming—confuſion—we muſt retire; Saville, you ſhall repent this inſult. [Sir Charles *and* Pallet *Exeunt.*

Saville. I have much to repent of; but this I ſhall ever reflect upon with pleaſure.

Enter Flurry.

Flurry. I have loſt my wife—I have loſt my wife—and now I have loſt the Proctor.

Enter Mrs. Flurry.

Mrs. Flurry. Oh! Mr. Flurry, how happy I am to find you; where have you been—how did you get out of the houſe?

Flurry. How did you get into it. Where's your gallant—Oh if I cou'd but find the proctor.

Auguſta, (*aſide*). So, all is as I ſuſpected, and I have been fighting in the defence of a rival.

Mrs. Flurry. Indeed, Sir, I have been much oblig'd to this gentleman in your abſence, and while I live his generoſity muſt be engraved on my heart.

Auguſta, (*aſide*). A very paſſionate acknowledgement indeed.

Flurry. Ha! what am I oblig'd to more gentlemen than one. I thought, Mr. Saville had been attach'd to my ward, and not to my wife.

Auguſta, (*aſide.*) So I thought too.

Flurry. Oh lud! at this rate, my poor nerves will be play'd upon by every fellow in town—however I am now going to a place where they will put me in a way to reward you all—Doctors Commons for me—Oh! if I cou'd but catch the proctor. [*Exit.*

Mrs. Flurry. Mr. Saville, your moſt obedient, I ſhall find a better time to thank you. [*Exit.*

Auguſta. I ſuppoſe ſo.

Saville. How comes it Chevalier, after what has paſſed we meet as friends—tho' you wou'd not fight with me, I ſee you dare to draw in my defence.

Auguſta.

Auguſta. The truth is—I am a ſtrange creature, Saville; nay, ſo very contradictory, that at times you wou'd almoſt think me a woman—I bullied before your uncle to prove your temper—I offer'd the thouſand pounds to try your generoſity, and I cou'd do no leſs than aſſiſt you in your love affairs, eſpecially when the lady is ſo deſerving.

Saville. You miſtake, I was her protector only, not her lover.

Auguſta. Come, come, confeſs—She is a very beautiful woman, and you wanted to mar Sir Charles's happineſs by making your own—Ha! what's the matter with you? Heavens! there's blood upon your arm.

Saville. I know it—a mere ſcratch, not worth a thought.

Auguſta. Not worth a thought—Oh here take my handkerchief, bind it directly—Come, you muſt—you ſhall—Nay then I'll bind it myſelf. Let me ſee! Heavens! What a wound—Oh Saville!

Saville. What agitates you?

Auguſta. The ſight of blood diſſolves me—it penetrates my ſoul. I can't ſupport it.

Saville. This from an enemy?

Auguſta. I am not your enemy Saville, I'm your friend; one whoſe heart bleeds for every wound in yours—But while we talk you grow fainter. Let me conduct you to Mr. Flurry's—there perhaps, the lady who loves you, will conſole you.

Saville. Why will you miſconceive me, I never loved but one nor ever can; the angel I was attach'd to, was as ſuperior to the reſt of her ſex—But I'll trouble you no longer—farewel.

Auguſta. Stay! let me accompany you.

Saville. No, I have private buſineſs, and will detain you no further.—Give me your hand Chevalier, you are a generous fellow, and I feel much diſtreſs'd from the thought of having injur'd you—we ſhall meet again. [*Exit.*

Auguſta. Poor Saville!—He little thinks how well I know where his private buſineſs is; but as his lawyer

yer happens to be mine too, I hope to get poſſeſſion of his remaining property by to-morrow at fartheſt.

Enter a Lawyer's Clerk.

Clerk. Sir, my maſter, Counſellor Gab, hath order'd me to run after you with a letter.

Auguſta. From Saville's lawyer, the very man I was thinking of. (*Reads*).

" Deareſt of ladies. Circuits—niſi, prius—mani-
" fold briefs, and ſome motions of courſe oblige me
" to move out of town—muſt defer client Saville's diſ-
" treſs till return—hope no diſtreſs to you, can but be
" more done up.—Have ſaid the needful, cou'd ſay
" more, but deſiſt, I am a man of very few words.
" Your's very
" *Gabriel Gab.*"

Bleſs me, this delay may be fatal—Saville's circumſtances can never ſuffer him to wait for this man of few words. He will moſt likely apply elſewhere, and my plans be entirely overſet. Let me conſider, I have it.—As I find Saville has no knowledge of his lawyer's perſon, I'll pop my friend, the counſellors tye, over this little noddle of mine—borrow his chambers in his abſence, and prove myſelf as wiſe in one gown as another. [*Exit*,

END OF THIRD ACT.

ACT

ACT IV.

SCENE I.

Chambers in the Temple.

Enter a Lawyer's Clerk, *ſhewing in* Saville.

Clerk. PRAY Sir, walk in, I expect my maſter from Weſtminſter Hall immediately—He beg'd you wou'd not go away.

Saville. I believe it is ſomewhat paſt the time appointed.

Clerk. I dare ſay, Sir, he'll be here in a minute, pray Sir ſit down.

Saville. Thank you friend—I ſhall amuſe myſelf.

Clerk, (*aſide*). I wonder how, madam, my ſham maſter will eſcape being diſcover'd—but women and lawyers talk equally faſt—therefore her taſk won't be ſo difficult. [*Exit.*

Saville. My diſtreſſes croud upon me ſo rapidly—I know not whither to turn myſelf—the money I am now about to raiſe, is my laſt ſtake, half of that is gone already, my uncle has refus'd every aſſiſtance; but what does it ſignify—I have loſt all hope of my Auguſta, and the charm of living is no more.

Auguſta (*as a counſellor*) *without.* Thomas pay the coachman ſixpence, counſellor Coaxem pays the other teſter—We ſtopp'd ten yards ſhort of Temple Bar on purpoſe(*Enters*). Your name, Sir, I preſume is Saville—Sorry I have been ſo detain'd and ſtopp'd, by cauſe why, at Weſtminſter Hall—but if ſo be as it ſhou'd be ſo, as that I have not made you wait—there is nothing loſt, by not putting in appearance.

Saville.

Saville. No apology, ſir, is neceſſary, I aſſure you, you know my buſineſs, and I underſtand can do it—the deeds are all in your hands, and you approve them; your letter ſo informs me.

Auguſta. Sir, my name it counſellor Gab—and when counſellor Gab ſays a thing—that is when a thing is ſaid—then he ſays no more about it—you want to find, raiſe, and make up a ſum of money. Counſellor Gab has client to that effect—You ſhew cauſe of ſecurity, and then effect follows cauſe, as in caſes out of number.—I am a man of few words.

Saville. I like few words full as well as yourſelf—I am in want of money, and have ſhewn cauſe as you ſay.

Auguſta. True, want of money is like a chancery ſuit, a trial of patience.

Saville. I perceive it is indeed—but if every thing is ready, there can be no occaſion for further delay, and in that caſe, I have only to ſatisfy you.

Auguſta. As to the money, all that remains is a bill on bankers in form due at ſight, payable to bearer, perfectly legal, but avoids ſtamps, and ſhall be ſent to morrow; but if ſo be as that you like, wiſh, or requeſt mode that is different—Counſellor Gab is always ready to ſatisfy client, without making uſe of many words—and if you wiſh for an opinion—

Saville. By no means, Mr. Counſellor, I wou'd not wiſh to treſpaſs on your time

Auguſta. You're right; a treſpaſs on the caſe is as I ſaid before. *Vide* caſes out of number, ſuits, pleas, coſts, taxes and demurrers; for inſtance, if a man loſes his miſtreſs.

Saville. I beg you will not trouble yourſelf.

Auguſta. Or to prove clearer, ſuppoſe plaintiff has loſt fortune to ſharpers, the action—

Saville. Needs no rhetoric to condemn it.

Enter Clerk.

Clerk. A lady deſires to ſpeak with you, Sir.

Auguſta. A lady! well deſire the lady to walk in.

Saville. I fear I intrude.

Auguſta.

Auguſta. Oh, not in the leaſt; the lady ſhall be diſpatch'd immediately; I never throw away my time upon women.

Enter Diary.

Diary. If I may be ſo inquiſitous as to aſk, your name is Mr. Lawyer Gab. I waited on you from my miſtreſs, Miſs Auguſta Melmouth. Lord, Mr. Saville here; who would have ſuppoſed it? But I beg pardon, as Oreſtes ſaid to his friend, Pilgarlic—

Saville. Well, what of your lady? don't be afraid of me. I hope ſhe is well, and I ought to wiſh that ſhe is happy.

Diary. Now to act my part as well as my miſtreſs (*aſide*). Nay, as for the matter of that, my young lady wants nothing—that is, nothing more than other young ladies want too. She wiſh'd to know whether Mr. Lawyer here, had examin'd the marriage articles on her ſide, and whether Mr. Lawyer on t'other ſide had examin'd them too; and whether they were ready on both ſides;—and ſo I came to enquire, like the Buſy Body there, in the Way of the World.

Saville. What did you ſay? Marriage articles!—Sure your young lady, Auguſta, is not going to be married?

Diary. Lord, Sir, and why not? If gentlemen deal cards one way, ladies muſt play their cards another, as Skippio ſays, in Gil Blas. Don't you think ſo, Mr. Lawyer.

Auguſta. Skippio! Never ſaw an opinion of his in my life; but as to cards, if two females engage with one gentleman, it's odds but he'll be put to his trumps.

Saville. You ſeem merry Sir.

Auguſta. Yes, during term, ſmile and talk—in vacation, ſad and ſilent.

Saville. Permit me, Mrs. Diary to aſk only one queſtion—Who is deſtin'd to be the poſſeſſor of that heart the proudeſt might aſpire to; and which once the humbleſt was bold enough to ſolicit.

Auguſta. I ſwear by the aſſizes, Mr. Saville, but you ſeem as if, as how you wanted to take a client out of

my hands, if the young lady chuſes to marry. If A. wants to join iſſue with B. what has D. to do with it?

Diary. Aye, what has D. to do with iſſue? So, pray let us alone Mr. Saville; and do you, Mr. Lawyer, be pleas'd to ſend home the marriage ceremonies, that my miſtreſs may put her hand to them as ſoon as poſſible; for when we women take a thing in our heads, we are determined to go through with it, as Cæſar ſays in his dictionary.

Saville. I ought certainly to beg your pardon for the earneſtneſs of my enquiries; but the Lady mention'd, was one, whom I was once weak enough—But no matter—I ſhall only intrude further on your patience.

Auguſta. Not in the leaſt, I feel intereſted in that warmth which does you ſo much honour—but perhaps the Lady may be ignorant of it.

Saville. That is not now material—Bleſs me, I have exceeded my time; I have an appointment with Sir Charles Chouſe, which obliges me to be punctual.

Auguſta. Obliges you to be punctual—there is ſurely ſomething in your manner that ſeems to indicate, what I hope is not true, that you have an affair of honour on your hands—Can I be of ſervice?

Saville. Sure, Sir, I ought to be ſurpris'd at the alteration of your ſtile.

Auguſta. Oh dear, Sir, we lawyers have two languages, one for forms and courts, another for feelings and friendſhip.

Saville. I am oblig'd to you, Sir, for the compliment, but all I have to requeſt is, that you will ſend the money to-morrow.

Auguſta. Counſellor Gab has promis'd, and performance follows of courſe. Would I cou'd detain him till I had ſeen Sir Charles (*aſide*). Sir, on ſecond thoughts, if *ſo be* the laws delay is irkſome, as neceſſity has no law, pleaſe to wait in that library till I return, and I'll endeavour to get the ſum ſpecified on notice immediate.

Saville.

Saville. It is impoſſible for me to ſtay—to-morrow muſt ſuffice.

Auguſta. Let me adviſe you, Sir, to tarry—ſhan't be long—you'll find pretty recreation in my library—Statutes at Large—Burn's Juſtice—new edition—Lawyer's Vade-mecum—Every Man his own Attorney—Pleadings at Niſi Prius.

Saville. Very inſtructive—but I can't profit by them at preſent—Your ſervant.

Auguſta. Pray, Sir, ſtay a little.

Saville. It is not in my power.

Auguſta. Do, take counſel.

Saville. I tell you I have had enough of counſel.

Auguſta. I hope, Sir, you don't doubt my ability.

Saville. Not in the art of talking, I aſſure you.

Auguſta. If you did but know me, you wou'd n't wonder at my excellence in that.

Saville. I wonder at nothing in a lawyer, but the difficulty of getting rid of him. Adieu. [*Exit.*

Auguſta. I will but ſtay to diſengage myſelf from theſe law encumbrances, and try if I can't be beforehand with Sir Charles, for I am determin'd to prevent this dreaded rencontre, if poſſible. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

A large Exhibition Room in Pallet's Houſe, with various Pictures, and a whole length of Mrs. Flurry. A Window with a Curtain down, &c. a Sopha, &c.

Enter Litigamus *with a large pocket-book and pencil.*

Litig. Here am I, ſtill upon the look out in Maſter Pallet's ſeminary, tho' he himſelf is no party to this motion; for his friend, Sir Charles, I find, tho' a good maker of clients, is but a ſorry one himſelf, therefore I am gone over to my firſt opinion.—Old Flurry has got it into his head that his Lady is coming here again, to meet her paramour, ſo he has ſent me ſlily to take notes of proceeding. Ah bleſs, all billing and

cooing, I ſay! they are the ſack and ſugar of Doctors Commons—give me a daſhing wife to lead up the dance, and a good huſband to pay the piper—Sure I hear ſomebody—I had better conceal myſelf—it will look ſo treacherous, to pretend friendſhip, and then diſcover the parties—No, at all events—I'll betray with honour—Where ſhall I go?—Oh! aye—aye—this ſopha will do the buſineſs. [*Conceals himſelf under it.*

Enter Mrs. Flurry *and* Sir Charles.

Mrs. Flurry. Leave me, Sir.—I will no more be deceiv'd.

Sir Charles. Nay, my dear Mrs. Flurry, hear reaſon.

Mrs. Flurry. No, Sir, I'll hear nothing; I inſiſt on your purſuing me no further. I had never ventur'd here again had I not ſeen you at the end of the ſtreet, and ſtepp'd in on purpoſe to avoid you.

Sir Charles. Now, my dear Madam, how can you be ſo ungenerous?

Mrs. Flurry. Ungenerous, do you call me—Can I forget your treachery, your diſreſpect, your violence.

Sir Charles. The irreſiſtable effect of your charms, my angel; believe me a pretty woman ſhould always forgive the tranſports which her own beauty occaſions.

Mrs. Flurry. I tell you again, Sir, leave me.

Sir Charles. No, I will ſtill be your ſhadow; you know the ſincerity of my paſſion for you.

Litig (*peeping*). Aye, now my buſineſs is going to begin (*aſide*).

Mrs. Flurry. Whither wou'd you lead, Sir Charles? don't I know you.

Sir Charles. I ſwear you miſinterpret all my ſentiments. Love—pure diſintereſted love, is the foundation of thoſe attentions which muſt occupy my life. Thoſe who view you, cou'd not doubt it—then let us thus ſeal our reconciliation.

Litig. This is a caſe in point—A, kiſſes B's hand.

Mrs. Flurry. I beg, Sir Charles, you will deſiſt—

Litig (*peeping*). All nonſenſe.

Sir Charles.

Sir Charles. Come, come, opportunity is the bliſs of love.

Litig. Five thouſand pounds damages at leaſt.

Pallet (*without*). But my dear Mr. Flurry, have a little patience, depend upon it, your Lady can't come into my houſe without my knowing it.

Mrs. Flurry. Oh heavens! my huſband—I'm undone if he ſees us again together. Whither ſhall I fly—can't we get out of the room?

Sir Charles. Zounds, they're at the door; here let us ſtep behind your picture—the fair copy ſhall conceal the beautiful original. (*They go behind.*)

Litig. Five thouſand pounds reduc'd to a cypher.

Enter Pallet, Flurry, *and* Grump.

Pallet. There, now you have ſearch'd the whole houſe, and you ſee what I told you is true—no Mrs. Flurry to be found.

Grump. Glad of it—better never found again; don't you think ſo Old Incredulous?

Litig. Freſh company, I muſt turn over a new leaf (*aſide*).

Flurry. Dear me, I ſcarce know what I'm about—there is the confounded picture I told you of.

Pallet. Yes, tho' I ſay it myſelf, the copy is as it the original was there too.

Grump (*pulling the ſopha round to look at the picture*). Aye, one as bad as t'other; but come, let's look—looking at a picture coſts nothing——What's that behind, a lamb or a goat?

Pallet (*diſcovering Litig*). Oh mercy! A man conceal'd!

Flurry. Murder! thieves and robbers!

Grump. Ha! what—rob me.—Wiſh he wou'd—was robb'd once, and never had a better day in my life—hang'd the man, and got forty pounds by it.

Litig. Don't abuſe me, Gentlemen, I come here on buſineſs; I am no robber, I am a limb of the law.

Grump. All the ſame thing—better lopp'd off.

Pallet,

Pallet. My houſe is no place for law, I can aſſure you, we never have any bad people here—

Flurry. Yes you have, Mr. Pallet, bad enough—my wife is a proof of it. As to Liti, I ſent him myſelf to ſee what he cou'd make out.

Grump. Make you out a bill that will make you ſick.

Pallet. Come, Maſter Proctor.—Step out of my houſe, no law's delays here—you'll find nothing to make a bill from, in this apartment.

Litig. Are you ſure of that, Squire Pallet,—perhaps there may be objects in the back ground that may ſwell the landſcape amazingly—figures out of ſight.

Pallet. I proteſt and vow, I don't know what figures you are prating about.

Flurry. Prate away dear Liti—have you diſcover'd any thing wicked? Do ſpeak and make me happy.

Litig. Perhaps, yes,—perhaps, no—the picture indeed is not quite finiſh'd—ſorry, on my own account, it is not, as well as my clients—a great deal out of both our pockets,—but undone now—may be done another time—Sir Charles is a man to wheedle over a Lady.

Pallet. As I hope to be E—R—A—I don't comprehend a word; what Sir Charles do you allude to?

Litig. Why, the ſame Sir Charles that puzzled you about Mrs. Jenkyns, and Mrs. Tomkyns—that was himſelf ſo generous, and made love to another man's wife, merely for the ſake of a little looſe caſh, to reward his friends the better.

Flurry. Oh, that my wife did but hear that!

Pallet. Red and white lead, Mr. Turncoat! how dare you go about thus to diſgrace me under my own roof?

Grump. Can't be diſgrac'd—thought no worſe of here, than every where elſe.

Litig. Nay, if you doubt my evidence, I'll call him in the twinkling of an eye, to ſpeak for himſelf—he's within a yard of ſomebody's elbow.

Flurry. Oh lud!—I'm frighten'd to death.

Pallet. You audacious dirtier of parchment, do you think

think I ſuffer any dark doings in my houſe, when I am out of it.

Litig. I don't mind abuſe, it's what I am us'd to—ſo I'll make bold to draw up that curtain, and throw a new light upon the ſubject.

Pallet (*going up to the window, draws up the curtain, and on ſeeing* Sir Charles, *let's it drop again*). I'll ſave you the trouble, for I defy your malice; Sir Charles has not been here, I can't ſay when, and ſhou'd he preſume to come without my knowledge, I ſhou'd ſoon let drop.

Sir Charles (*giving* Pallet *a purſe*). Huſh!—the proctor knows I am here—ſtop his tongue, and hold your own.

Litig. Yes,—you do drop indeed.

Pallet (*giving a purſe to Litig.*). Why, what does the man mean—do you want the ſun to put your eyes out?

Litig (*takes the purſe*). Oh no! I had much rather be hoodwink'd—perhaps I am miſtaken—I thought that—but—what was it that we were talking about. Mr. Pallet—my hands are ſo full of buſineſs, that my memory is very treacherous.

Pallet. Nothing can be more likely for a gentleman of great practice, as I frequently find myſelf, when I mention'd Sir Charles, I hardly recollected what I was doing—the beſt artiſts may begin a deſign without knowing how it will be finiſh'd.

Grump. No good deſign here—bad beginning—worſe ending.

Flurry. Mercy on us! We're all as much in the dark as ever, I'll go and open the curtain myſelf.—

Pallet. Sweet Sir, can't think of troubling you—beſides your proctor is ſatisfied himſelf.

Litig. Quite ſo—Mr. Pallet's arguments are irreſiſtable.

Flurry. No matter, I will draw up the curtain.

Grump. That's right—peep for nothing—lend you my ſpectacles.

Pallet (*ſtopping him*). My pictures are not yet dry—you may put out ſome of the figures.

Flurry. I will go to the window.

Pallet (*ſtruggling to keep him back*). You muſt not.

Mrs. Flurry.

Mrs. Flurry (*diſengaging herſelf from* Sir Charles). Unhand me, Sir Charles.

Flurry (*ſtarting*). Oh heavens! my wife coop'd up with her gallant.

Grump. Yes—you have put out the figures, indeed.

Mrs. Flurry. Mr. Flurry, to you, Sir, only, I owe any apology, if apology be neceſſary; but, conſcious of my own innocence, I feel no fear in appearing before you.

Flurry. Oh cockatrice, don't think of impoſing upon me, I have already been frighten'd out of my ſenſes upon your account; and now don't I find you here hid behind your own ſelf? Oh! Mr. Pallet; what you bluſh do you?

Pallet. Dear Sir, you know I live by colouring. Good Madam, do me juſtice. Tell any ſtory to ſave us both (*aſide*).

Mrs. Flurry. I diſdain prevarication, Sir, and want no ſuch aid; I came here actually to avoid this gentleman, whom I ſaw at one end of the ſtreet, and who, unknown to myſelf, follow'd me in at the other.

Litig. Very right—So that's the way both ends meet.

Mrs. Flurry. Let me hope, Sir, you will not inſult, unjuſtly, a woman's feelings; if you have been preſent all the time, you can teſtify what has paſt.

Litig. Perfectly right in your ſtatement; I have the whole down upon paper, with the damages that wou'd have been, but for interruption.

Flurry. There—there! I told you what wou'd have happen'd; the proctor is a loſer as well as myſelf; but I'll bring my action againſt you, Sir Charles, nevertheleſs.

Sir Charles. Mr. Flurry, I beg we may underſtand each other; hitherto I have taken compaſſion on your weak ſide.

Grump. So he did—took compaſſion on your wife.

Sir Charles. But if you are not ſatisfied, I have further ſatisfaction at your ſervice.

Flurry.

Flurry. Lud! lud! What, wou'd you murder me?

Litig. What, put an end to the ſuit before term, or cauſe ſhewn, or before one Doctor of Civil Law has ſpoken upon the caſe?

Sir Charles. Peace, you ignorant—

Litig. Ignorant!

Sir Charles. Yes, ignorant.

Litig. Oh, oh! Ignorant! a Lawyer too—that's a libel.

Sir Charles. Silence, babbler, the lady will, I am ſure, clear me from all attempts on her honour; and as for you, (*to Flurry*) look'e, Sir, ſhould you preſume to attack mine—I ſay, look'e, Sir, you will follow me immediately. [*Exit.*

Litig. Heaven forbid; truſt to the law, my client. We don't want courage in the Courts; leave your quarrel to me; I'll call out the parties—Citation—Jactitation.

Mrs Flurry. A truce to your jargon, Mr. Proctor; we can quarrel enough, without your interference.

Flurry. That we can, without any interference at all. Bleſs, me, what a happy man I am! to have my wife painted for nothing; my proctor convinc'd by a look, and my throat cut by way of ſatisfaction. Oh! what a fortunate huſband am I. [*Exit* Mr. *and* Mrs. Flurry.

Grump. Yes, fortunate as wife—ſuch a head for matrimony—always judge of a tree by its branches.

Pallet. What an unlucky thing it is to exhibit a picture, without firſt examining the back ground.

Litig. (*counting the guineas.*) And yet, my good Mr. Pallet, how wonderfully you ſhine in your profeſſion.

Pallet, (*putting his hand to his mouth*). And my dear Mr. Liti, how greatly you excel in yours.

Litig. Do you think ſo? Then you ſhall paint my picture.

Pallet. Ha! ha! ha! then in return, you ſhall make my will. [*Exeunt, laughing, and wheedling each other.*

END OF THE FOURTH ACT.

ACT V.

SCENE I.

Auguſta's Apartment, in her own Houſe.

Enter Diary

Diary. WE women are always upon the Change, as they ſay in the City, and I am ſure my miſtreſs wou'd make an excellent weathercock. Once I thought ſhe was all love and rapture about poor Mr. Saville; but now——Oh, here ſhe is, *propria quæ maribus*, as the Heathens call it.

Enter Auguſta, (*in her own dreſs*).

Auguſta. Glad to ſee you, Ma'am, come to yourſelf again; but as you was bold enough to wear the breeches before marriage, I think you might have as well continued them on till afterwards.

Auguſta. Suppoſe I don't mean to marry at all, Diary.

Diary. Not marry at all Ma'am! Why now you have ruin'd Mr. Saville, you muſt give him ſatisfaction, as poor Polydore, the Orphan ſays.

Auguſta. Better one ſhou'd be ruin'd, than both of of us, Diary. What proſpect of happineſs can I have with a man, whoſe irregularity of life is ſo conſpicuous, his rage for play is equall'd only by the inconſtancy of his heart—Mrs. Flurry.

Diary.

Diary. Mrs. Flurry; dear Madam, have you forgot Counſellor Gab—his concern about the marriage ſettlement—his anxious enquiries.

Auguſta. Not to be depended on Diary, in the leaſt—light and unſettled in his nature; he flies from one ſcene of diſſipation to another. On hearing, as I ſuppoſe, of the diſcovery at the painter's, and finding his inamorata as faithleſs as himſelf, he had immediate recourſe to the gaming table, and there loſt every farthing of that money, which I had, under my aſſum'd character, taken ſo much pains to ſupply him with.

Diary. Poor dear Mr. Saville; then he is now quite ſtripp'd as bare as Parſon Adams himſelf: He'll never be a Pyramid to your Thiſbe.

Saville (*without*). I muſt, and will ſee her.

Diary. As I'm a maid, Mr. Saville himſelf! My dear miſtreſs, think of his diſtreſs; ſtay and take pity.

Saville *enters* (*in diſorder.*)

Saville. Auguſta!

Diary. Ah, Sir, I fear its all in vain; you're an undone man.

Saville. I am indeed; the laſt blow is ſtruck; and hope has forſaken me forever. What, avoid me Auguſta? Believe me, there is no occaſion; I come not here to interrupt your happier hours. Gay, blooming, and ſurrounded with life's brighteſt proſpects, I aſk you not to ſhare the ſorrows of a wretch, who ſuffers juſtly for his own imprudence.

Diary. Lord, Sir, that's juſt what my miſtreſs ſays herſelf.

Saville. I doubt it not; her looks betray the ſternneſs of her heart. Turn not away, Auguſta; hear me but a moment. 'Tis the laſt requeſt I ſhall ever make. I came to bid you an eternal adieu.

Diary. Dear, dear, what a diſmal word that is.

Saville. If I have been thoughtleſs and extravagant, believe me, Auguſta, my love has never been eſtrang'd from you; mid'ſt all the torments of a torn diſtracted boſom, your ſweet idea ſtill has twin'd

around my heart. Even now the fond remembrance of thoſe dear delights that mutually engag'd our earlier years, doubles my diſtreſs, and makes the agony I feel extreme.

Diary. I cannot bear it any longer. What a Sampſon Agoniſtes he is!

Saville. I leave you, Madam, to that happineſs, I was not born to beſtow. But if I am now ruin'd beyond a poſſibility of recovery, know that I have plung'd myſelf ſtill deeper and deeper, from the deluſive hope, of again retrieving my ſhatter'd fortune, only to lay it at Auguſta's feet. I ſhould have thought a ſingle tear of tender recollection, could not have coſt too dear. My friend, the Chevalier, can teſtify how ſtrenuouſly I have vindicated your conduct, and arraign'd my own.

Auguſta (*coolly*). The Chevalier, Sir, entertains the ſame opinion of you as Auguſta does.

Saville. Yes, Madam, I ſee how it is. Too late I find, of what little moment my peace of mind is to you: Saville, the proud, the proſperous, and the affluent, you might have condeſcended to receive;—but poor, abject, and diſconſolate; his fortune's ruin'd, and his heart broke down, not only Love diſdains, but even Pity will not ſpare a ſigh. From this hour I fix my opinion of your ſex. Weak is the man who expects to find ſympathy, or feeling in a woman's breaſt.

[*Auguſta curt'ſeys, and exit.*

Saville. Confuſion! does ſhe mean to inſult my ſorrows! Can ſhe triumph over my diſtreſs? Unkind Auguſta!

Diary. Dear Sir, don't take it ſo to heart; be calm.

Saville. Calm, Diary! Impoſſible! Who that has ever lov'd like me—Oh, Oh!

Diary. Lord! Lord! I can't ſtand it—it's too much. Mr. Saville, Sir, don't think I've a heart like my miſtreſs; I pity you, I feel for you, indeed I do Oh! if ſhe had ever read Pluto's Lives, or the grea

Heroes

Heroes of Antiquity, ſhe wou'd have known what real ſympathy was.

Saville. She has form'd ſome other attachment, and I will know the worſt—my good Diary, I thank you for the part you take in my concerns: accept this purſe—'tis all the recompenſe I have in my power to make you; and now tell me, as the laſt favour I ſhall aſk, who is to be the happy partner of your lovely miſtreſs?

Diary. Don't, Sir, don't—Oh! Mr. Saville, I cou'd diſcover; but I won't take it, indeed I won't.

Saville. Take it—I inſiſt upon it; and now tell me every thing you know.

Diary. You have been cruelly deceiv'd; indeed you have—My artful miſtreſs!

Saville. How, Diary!

Diary. I us'd to think it was all out of kindneſs to you; but now, I fear ſhe is falſe as Queen Dido.

Saville. Keep me not on the torture of ſuſpenſe; but go on.

Diary. Well then, under another name.

Saville. Another name!

Diary. Yes, under another name, ſhe has contriv'd to get poſſeſſion of great part of your fortune.

Saville. Amazement.

Diary. In ſhort, Sir, ſhe was the very Lawyer that prated away ſo faſt, and talk'd you out of your bonds and parchments.

Saville. Aſtoniſhing! But what can that avail her? ſhe gave me the full amount of their value.

Diary. Yes, but in another diſguiſe. As the lively Chevalier, ſhe contriv'd to have it all won from you at the dice table.

Saville. Auguſta, the Chevalier! Now I ſee it all—treacherous, deceitful woman. Sir Charles the partner of her iniquity. He is to be the happy man—to ſhare the fortune of the plunder'd Saville. He introduc'd me to the Chevalier, as to an honourable friend; he recommended the Lawyer; he conſtantly held out the allurements

allurements of the gaming table, while ſhe, whom I ador'd !—Oh, falſe diſſembler.

Diary. Be comforted, Sir, weeping is in vain. Better try to forget her ; ſhe is not worth your thinking of. There's her bell ; I'll go and give in my diſcharge. Well, the beſt friends muſt part, as poor Dapple ſaid to Sancho Pancha. Adieu, Mr. Saville ; I'll keep the purſe for your ſake ; adieu (*weeps*). Lord love him, he's a ſweet, much wrong'd, and moſt injurious man. [*Exit.*

Saville. No wonder, Sir Charles fail'd in his appointment, with ſuch a complication of guilt and baſeneſs ; how cou'd he face me honourably in the field ? but the hour of retribution is not far off.

Enter Mrs. Flurry.

Mrs. Flurry. I am happy to meet you here, Mr. Saville, and to take the firſt opportunity of returning my thanks for thoſe obligations, which my huſband wou'd neither underſtand, or permit me to acknowledge.

Saville. Mention them not, Madam ; I know of none.

Mrs. Flurry. You ſeem diſturb'd, Sir. Has any thing unpleaſant happen'd ? I hope you are not unfortunate as myſelf.

Saville. Oh, Madam, I am unfortunate indeed. Auguſta has undone me.

Mrs. Flurry. She is, I fear, an artful woman, and in league with that deſigning man, who wou'd have undone me.

Saville. Yes, ſhe has not only join'd to deceive, but plotted to defraud me.

Mrs. Flurry. May the companion of her guilt be the author of her puniſhment. I have good reaſon to think, Sir Charles will ſoon be united to her. I overheard them juſt now in cloſe converſation. He left the houſe but this inſtant, and the laſt thing ſhe deſir'd of him, was to procure a licence directly.

Saville. Villain ! but he ſhall not triumph long—Your injuries, as well as mine, ſhall be aton'd for.

Mrs. Flurry,

Mrs. Flurry. Moderate your tranſports, Sir, think not of me—my wrongs have been ſufficiently aveng'd, and to ſpeak truly, my own indiſcretions have left me, not entirely blameleſs.

Saville. Ah! Madam! touch not that ſtring, 'tis torture inexpreſſible.

Enter Flurry.

Flurry. Mr. Saville here!—How dare you ſhew your head, you young libertine, after your behaviour to-day?——not content with inveigling my ward—do you want to ſeduce my wife?

Saville. Sir, I ſcorn, in either inſtance, an action ſo diſhonourable; my exertions, in behalf of your Lady, will, if you give yourſelf the trouble to enquire into them, entitle me to your regard; my attachment to your ward, Auguſta, was, on my part, ſincere; but to ſpare you any further uneaſineſs, on that head, you will find ſhe is going to beſtow her hand on another more conformable to her inclinations; and I am free to confeſs, better adapted to promote her views in life—Farewell. [*Exit.*

Flurry. Ha! how!—what—give her hand to another.—Exertions for this, and attachment to t'other, Pray Madam, what does all this mean?

Mrs. Flurry. You have hitherto ſo carefully avoided all proper explanation, and have ſo greedily liſten'd to every reproachful cenſure on your wife, that I am at length wearied of endeavouring to exculpate myſelf—your ſenſeleſs jealouſy diſtreſſes me every day more and more, and if you cannot grow more generous, I am determin'd to leave you, and retire into the country.

Flurry. Aye, do, leave me—I won't faint! I can take care of myſelf—I'll ſend for Mrs. Tomkyns, and Mrs. Jenkins, to bear me company.

Mrs. Flurry. Barbarous man! when I am driven from the ſociety of my friends; when I have baniſh'd myſelf forever from you, you will find, too late, what injuſtice you have done my fame (*weeps*). You ſee,

Sir,

Sir, to what your inhumanity has reduc'd me—I leave you to your triumph. [*Exit.*

Flurry. She weeps—Oh lud—I can't ſtand it—any thing but that, it looks like innocence—it does—for I weep too—Oh lud! lud!

Enter Grump *and* Sir Charles.

Grump. What, crying Old Snivelface!—Wife ſeem'd in tears too—Wet ſummer may hap.

Flurry. Yes, no ſunſhine for me, friend Grump—quite a cloudy proſpect—but perhaps I've wrong'd her.

Grump. Well—what if you have; right her again—ſtand the ſteadier.

Sir Charles. You have wrong'd her, Mr. Flurry, I came on purpoſe to vindicate her character, and aſk your pardon for my own intemperate warmth—I alone have been to blame.—When old gentlemen marry young ladies—we rakes you know——

Grump. Will try to join in the family compact—Always told you ſo, Old Liquoriſh,—

Sir Charles. Come, Mr. Grump, you have heard the ſtory, and I am ſure will aſſiſt in juſtifying innocence.

Flurry. Ha! will you friend?—Lud I never cou'd have thought to make the poor thing weep—Well, let's go and ſob together.

Grump. Yes, ſob away—tears coſt nothing—more ſhowers leſs ſtorms—get along, Tricklebeard.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE, *A ſuperb Apartment in Flurry's Houſe.*

Enter Saville, *and a* Servant *of* Flurry's.

Saville. Mr. Flurry, you ſay is not come home.

Servant. No, Sir.

Saville. Do you know whether Sir Charles Chouſe is expected here?

Servant. I believe he is, Sir—I underſtand he has been into the city on ſome buſineſs for Miſs Auguſta Melmoth,

Melmoth, and they are to meet here to conſult her guardian upon it.

Saville. Then, if you pleaſe, I'll wait their arrival. (*Exit* Servant.) 'Tis as I expected, Sir Charles has procur'd the licence, and now Flurry is to be bullied, or cajol'd into conſent; I ſhall, however, have one opportunity of expoſing—if not, of chaſtiſing my worthleſs rival—Ha!—Auguſta alone!—I was not prepar'd for this—ſhe ſhall find my pride equal to her own—I'll quit the room.

Enter Auguſta.

Auguſta. How! Avoid me, Saville?—Truſt me there is no occaſion; think you I came hither to ſhare the ſorrows of a man who ſuffers for his own imprudence?

Saville. Far from it, Madam, you came to ſhare the wreck—that imprudence has ſupplied.

Auguſta. Rather ſay, by caution and foreſight, I have prevented my property, from being embark'd in the ſame precarious bottom.

Saville. Ungenerous, Auguſta! think not by taunts to ſhelter yourſelf from my juſt reproaches.

Auguſta. How, Sir, is a woman to be reproach'd for keeping guard over her paſſions, and not ſuffering her love to lead to her undoing?

Saville. Talk not of love—had I poſſeſs'd the wealth of India, and you had continu'd the ſame tender, faithful fair, my fond heart once thought you; tho' poor and friendleſs, a wanderer thro' the world, bereft of every thing but truth and virtue, I wou'd have ſnatch'd you to my ſhelt'ring breaſt, and ſhar'd with you each bleſſing I enjoy'd—Talk not of love, you know it but my name.

Auguſta. Your miſtaken opinion, Sir, moves my pity, not my anger; I will now confeſs that once I cheriſh'd for you as pure and ardent a flame as ever warm'd a youthful boſom. You firſt engag'd my unſuſpecting heart—even in the dawn of life, I lov'd you; and 'mid the gladſome round of childiſh joys, my little fluttering breaſt preferr'd its Saville.

Saville. Oh, Auguſta, why thus diſſemble ſtill?

Auguſta. Hear me, Sir. As we advanc'd in years, I beheld, heaven knows what agony it gave me—I beheld you wedded to diſſipation—to every ſpecies of riot, intemperance and extravagance; while a determin'd and deſperate attachment to the gaming table engag'd your whole ſoul, and mark'd you for deſtruction.

Saville. And then, conſcious of my weakneſs, you prudently united with your friends, to profit by my diſtreſs.

Auguſta. What elſe remain'd for me? inſtead of the flattering proſpect my early fancy pictur'd, I ſaw attendant upon you, only ruin and diſmay. Inſtead of a diſcreet, affectionate huſband to guide and protect me; inſtead of a tender companion to cheer the walk of life, to ſooth the little cares we all muſt know, and ſhare the tranquil pleaſures of a peaceful home, what did your conduct offer to my view? a ſullen partner of an unquiet dwelling—his temper ſour'd by diſappointment—his mind alienated from his family—his houſe a torment—his wife a burthen, and himſelf a victim to deſpair.

Saville. Add to the picture a baſe deſigning woman, who, loſt to every ſenſe of generoſity and honour, meanly took advantage of that unhappy victim's folly to aggrandize her own fortune, and beſtow it on adventurers as worthleſs as herſelf.

Auguſta. Sir, you grow ſcurrilous—I ſhall not ſtay to be affronted.

Saville. Madam, Madam,—you ſhall hear me—'tis now my turn to upbraid—and I'll not loſe this, perhaps, only opportunity—I am no ſtranger to your deceptions—You perſonated the lawyer to get the deeds, and writings of my eſtates into your own hands.

Auguſta. I did.

Saville. You were diſguis'd as the Chevalier?

Auguſta. I was.

Saville. Your pretended friendſhip was but to blind me to your arts—Your loan of money to entice me into

into deeper play, that you and your aſſociate, Sir Charles, might carry off the ſpoil.

Auguſta. You are right.

Saville. Shameleſs effrontry—and now that baſe aſſociate has, by your direction, procur'd a licence for your marriage.

Auguſta. He has.

Saville. You mean then to beſtow your hand and fortune on that cowardly partner of your fraud and treachery.

Auguſta. I ſhall beſtow my hand and fortune where I pleaſe; nor know I what right you have to queſtion me.

Saville. Grant me patience—unfeeling harden'd woman, on this head, at leaſt, I have a right to queſtion you; Why did you enrich yourſelf at my expence? Why did you purſue me thus in various ſhapes to abet my follies, and haſten my undoing—could you not be bleſt unleſs I was miſerable; what, what cou'd induce you to ſwell your cup of happineſs with the embitter'd dregs of my misfortunes?

Auguſta. Love—that powerful paſſion which you ſay I know not, but by name; if I laid aſide the delicacy of my ſex, 'twas but to ſave you from ruin—if I won your money, 'twas to ſecure it from the hands of ſharpers—if I got poſſeſſion of your deeds—'twas but to keep them from the clutches of the uſurer, and if I have procur'd a licence for my marriage, I have procur'd it in my Saville's name, and ſhall be proud and bleſt to ſhare it with him.—

Saville. My ſoul! my angel—Can you forgive—

Auguſta. Oh, Saville!—we have our failing too—you muſt, in your turn, forgive—Sir Charles has explain'd the circumſtance of the rencontre in the ſtreet, and I bluſh for the injuſtice of my ſuſpicions.

Saville. Believe me, none but yourſelf e'er held a place in my affections.—Oh, Auguſta, you have now an added power over me—and my heart aſſures me, that check'd by your ſweet reproofs, and ſway'd by your charming admonitions, no temptation on earth will ever again lead me to riſk that happineſs which

you ſo feelingly deſcrib'd—the tranquil pleaſures of a peaceful home.

Auguſta. Huſh! here comes my guardian—now for our laſt trial.

Enter Sir Charles, Mr. *and* Mrs. Flurry, *and* Grump.

Grump. Bravo! Old Totteration—Wife too good for you after all.

Flurry. Odd, I'm the merrieſt new, old reconcil'd huſband alive—Dear wife, give me a kiſs—'Slife I am ſo hearty—I cou'd—I ſhan't want my dalmahoy this twelvemonth.

Grump. Tell a ſtory—want it in half an hour.

Saville. Mr. Flurry, I am rejoic'd to ſee you in ſuch charming ſpirits—May I preſume—

Flurry. Yes, you may preſume—I have heard of your loſſes and croſſes—and your pains, and your gains—Your defending my wife—and your challenging, Sir Charles, who tho' a ſad dog—one muſt allow is a very candid fellow.

Auguſta. His alertneſs to procure the licence in your name proves that—Do you know but for me he would have met you in the field?

Sir Charles. I hope the good part of my character in this drama will apologize for it's defects, and that my friend Saville will not think of cutting my throat till he is tir'd of the nooſe I have been labouring to provide for him.

Saville. Give me your hand, Sir Charles—Should that ever be the caſe, my ingratitude to this paragon of her ſex, wou'd make it more than proper you ſhou'd cut mine.

Grump. Heh! Brother—that is, Siſter Alexander—Baronet has told us all—give joy—profligate—ſee you've got the lady—more than you deſerve—friend Flurry conſents now, to oblige me—don't you Old Whimſical.

Flurry. Aye,—there—there—may you be as happy; that is nearly as happy as myſelf, and Mrs. Flurry.

Grump.

Grump. Well ſaid Waſte Away, love your wife, and don't fear growing thin.

Mrs. Flurry. I ſincerely congratulate you both, and hope my example may prove a caution to my ſex, and teach young married women, that with the pureſt intentions they may, by indulging idle vanity, expoſe themſelves to every misfortune, and encounter every diſgrace.

Sir Charles. And now as matters are ſettled—may I my dear couſin, throw in a little hint about inſtinct.

Auguſta. I underſtand you, ſir.—There is the promis'd pocket-book—May it's contents make you comfortable, and paſt errors teach you to be wiſer.

Sir Charles. Ten thouſand thanks, my dear, madam, for your counſel, and it's accompanyments, when rich, we are always wiſe; 'tis poverty only makes us yield to our weakneſſes.—Let me ſee—100—200.——

Litigamus *Enters with a Brief.*

Liti. Joy! Joy! my Client—Defendant there ſeems to have money enough now to pay damages—No compromiſe I beſeech you—here's a brief ſufficient to blacken the whole ſex.

Grump. Too late for ſuch kindneſs—a day after the fair, Eh, Maſter Blackball—No more Sophas—done with peep bo—Cut up brief for patty pans.——

Liti. Eh! what! no divorce—no action?

Sir Charles. No, Mr. Hoodwink—not one doctor of civil law to ſpeak upon the caſe, and what is worſe, none of my notes in your pocket.

Liti. Bleſs me—a very bad caſe indeed—

Flurry. To tell you the truth Liti—You diſcover'd ſo little, and I have found out ſo much, that I don't wiſh to be expoſed any further.

Liti. Perfectly right my client—As well pay for ſilence as loquacity—Put up my brief, and make proper charges—As there is no divorce—I am right happy to hear the next beſt thing—a marriage is going to take place—You and this lady I preſume, ſir,—never ſaw a finer couple—make no doubt but ſhe's the moſt amiable of her ſex at preſent—but ſhou'd any little accident

cident happen—any faux pas—Liti's the man, tack or ſeparate—Paper or parchment, makes no odds—Liti's the man for any thing.

Auguſta. That we ſee plain enough—And whenever there's occaſion you ſhall have the earlieſt intelligence—Meanwhile, as I have already worn the gown, permit me to addreſs this court.

Do not with haſty judgment ſternly chide,
Let your good-nature your diſcernment guide;
Shou'd then your kindneſs ſanction our endeavour,
Who ſhall diſpute, *'Tis better late than never.*

END OF THE COMEDY.

EPILOGUE,

WRITTEN BY THE AUTHOR.

Spoken by Mrs. JORDAN.

THE Drama done, and all it's Int'reſt over,
Content the Huſband, and ſecure the Lover;
Our timid Bard, who dreads the Critic ire,
And thinks my little Tongue can never tire,
Wou'd have me re-aſſume the Wig and Gown,
To plead his Gooſe-quill Cauſe before the Town.
Lord, Sir, ſays I, ſome better Council bring;
For Females in a Wig are not the Thing.
Your bearded Barriſter, if ſmartly made, is
A ſurer Advocate among the Ladies.
Madam, he cried, or perriwig'd, or bare,
So you but talk, I never need deſpair.

Suppoſe ye Fair, as I'm ſo *ſmooth* a Prater,
I take a Line more conſonant to Nature:
Give up the vain Attempt your hearts to warm,
And 'gainſt the Men, with Female Weapon Arm.

Oft have the Wits, unmindful whom they vex,
Expos'd the Foibles of the ſofter Sex.
Laugh'd at their Dreſs, their well-ſhap'd Cork, their Feathers,
Their ſteady Bloom, unchanging in all Weathers;
Swore Locks were Grey, that ſeem'd a comely Brown,
And, though all paid for, deem'd them not their own.

Why not retort? Avenge the inſulted Fair,
And ſhew theſe Men, what wond'rous things they are.
Now don t be frighten'd—poor eccentric Elves,
I only ſhew what moſt you like——yourſelves.

How! tremble at a Woman! Shame betide—
Tho' I look fierce, like you—I'm all outſide:
Yet, e'er my efforts your attention call,
To that dear Portrait, which ſhould hit you all,
Let me delineate what was once a Beau,
The Band-box Billy, of ſome years ago.

Sweet

EPILOGUE.

Sweet Image of Mamma, in ev'ry Feature,
The Youth came forth, a moſt delicious creature,
With full dreſs'd Skirts, not quite unlike a Hoop,
Hat under Arm, fine Button, and gilt Loop—
Stiff Stock, long Sword, ſtill dangling in the way,
He ſometimes ventur'd to a firſt-night Play:
Tripp'd through the Lobby, moſt completely curl'd;
Nor did a paw-paw Thing for all the World.
Thus he diſcours'd, "Sir Dilberry, od's ſo,
Dear, dear, good-lack! have you a Place below?
Dem it, don't crowd ſo, fellow—Oh! how ſhocking!
He's ſpoil'd my Hair, and dirtied all my Stocking."
Such was the Smart our Grandmama's would praiſe,
Rather unlike the Smart of preſent days.
For I defy all Hiſtory to ſhew,
One thing in Nature, like a Modern Beau;
Hat ſlouch'd, ſhort Stick, Knee Trappings, that bring back,
The Memory of renown'd Sixteen String Jack:
Eternal Boots, and Collar, you'd ſuppoſe,
Cut, in kind contact, with his Buckſhip's Noſe.
Thus trimly deck'd, each night among the Doxies,
He ſtorms the Lobby, and aſſails the Boxes;
With Gait and Manner—ſomething in this way,
Proves his rare Taſte, and deſcants on the Play—
"Here, Box-keeper! why don't t e Raſcal come?
Halloa—Tom Gerkin! can you give us room?
What this?—The Farce—Macbeth—an Opera?—Oh!
Came out laſt Seaſon—ſtupid ſtuff—damn'd low:
Zounds let's be off;—Z——ds be a little calmer;
Who's that, the *Jordan*?—No, you Fool—R. Palmer.

Thus ſome are found, by every Act revealing,
Perfect Indifference to Senſe and Feeling.
To ſuch our Play not ſues;—but you, ye Fair,
Ye wife, whom Nature form'd with happier care,
Whoſe tender Boſoms, tho' by Paſſions rent,
Feel the ſoft Virtues in their full extent.
Cheriſh our Author's Plan, which aims to prove,
Life's beſt exertions ſpring from Virtuous Love.